The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1931 No. 3462

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

FOREIGN MINISTER GRANDI of Italy and the League of Nations have done the cause of peace an excellent turn by proposing a general "armament truce" during the year in which the disarmament conference is to be held. It would have been illogical, and perhaps in the end would have made success for the conference impossible, to have had the Powers trying to reach an agreement for the reduction of armaments at Geneva at the same time that they were busily adding to their armaments at home. The League had hoped to have the holiday begin on November 1, but on that day only thirty-one nations had agreed to the proposal, which was originally put forward by Signor Grandi. However, a number of other favorable replies were then on the way, and it was felt certain that all the countries of the world would agree long before the disarmament conference met. Some of the Powers qualified their approval with minor reservations; for example, the United States said it could not stop work on naval vessels actually under construction, but would not start any new construction it had planned. Other countries made their approval conditional upon the acceptance of the holiday by their neighbors. At Geneva these and other reservations were held to be of only minor consequence and not sufficient to block the proposed truce. With an armament holiday actually in effect, the Powers at Geneva should be able to work in a peaceful atmosphere more conducive to success.

THE DRAMATIC TURN-ABOUT in the world wheat markets, bringing a rise in the price of wheat of between 35 and 40 per cent in the course of three weeks, is the result partly of factors confined to the wheat trade itself, but mainly of what may prove to be a significant general change in world economic sentiment. In the wheat trade itself the advance has been attributed largely to the changed estimates of world wheat supply. Final wheat-crop estimates at Rome, for example, indicate a world yield, outside of Russia, of about 130,000,000 bushels less than had been previously estimated, and a world demand approximately 75,000,000 greater. In spite of the higher exports from Russia, many statisticians believe that the Russian crop will prove to be considerably smaller than that in 1930, and Russia is reported to be trying to buy back some of the wheat it recently sold abroad. It is pointed out by some commentators that taking into account the world's crop and carry-over plus Russian shipments, the total available wheat for the season of 1928-29 was about 100,000,000 bushels in excess of that for 1931-32, and it was absorbed at an average price of around $1.29 a bushel at Liverpool; yet two months ago wheat at Liverpool was bringing less than 40 cents a bushel, the lowest price shown in the records of nearly three hundred years.

THE RISE IN WHEAT, in brief, seems to be based on belated recognition, which was certain to come eventually, that, even when the large supply was considered, that commodity was selling at a figure that was more the result of panic than of the crop's actual statistical position. And this assumption receives support from the advance in cotton prices, which has been almost as great, and from the advances in agricultural prices generally. Moreover, since the low point of October 5, the day before President Hoover suggested the National Credit Corporation, prices of common stocks have advanced on an average from 20 to 25 per cent. Other signs of returning world confidence are the apparent termination of Europe's recent raid on American gold, and the recent fall in Federal Reserve note circulation, which indicates an abatement of the hoarding of money here. The better feeling in the railroad industry now that the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision has been digested, and in the steel trade as a result of a slight increase in activity and a larger number of inquiries, are also favorable signs. Provided, of course, that Germany can be saved in time from a further collapse, and that no disaster occurs elsewhere of a totally unexpected nature, it may be that some of the worst phases of the panic have been passed. This does not mean that the existing depression may not continue for a very long time, or even that in one or two directions it may not even appear to grow more serious. Wheat, for example, even after the recent price advance, is still selling at a figure far below the average world cost of production, and this is true of other agricultural products and raw materials.

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MANY ASPECTS of the economic depression and of the problems it entails are being described at hearings being held by a Senate subcommittee of which Senator La Follette is chairman. Frances Perkins, New York State Commissioner of Labor, testified that as a result of the hard times physicians "have never been so busy in their lives, although we have had no scourges or epidemics." Several years from now, she said, we shall witness "one of the worst social results" of the depression when we "begin to see the rickety young people who got rickets when they were one, two, or three years old." Leo Wolman, economist and authority on unemployment, declared that the percentage of unemployment in the United States is as large as that in England or Germany, if not larger. He said there were no factors "visible to the naked eye" pointing to recovery from the depression. In this he was supported by Laurence H. Sloan, of the Standard Statistics Company, who, however, held out the vague hope of a slow recovery, based on the favorable development of several intangible factors which have not yet begun to function. Dr. E. A. Goldenweiser, research expert of the Federal Reserve Board, disclosed that interest rates charged by banks on loans in communities outside the larger cities, that is, in the agricultural communities, were higher than the rates charged by the city banks. In other words, the farmers have been paying more for their loans than the industrialists and business men of the cities. Gerard Swope, of the General Electric Company, defended his plan for economic rehabilitation, but opposed suggestions that the government put a somewhat similar plan into operation. James Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, opposed both the Swope plan and the projected government plan in so far as they might affect the steel industry. Aside from suggesting further experimentation with the anti-trust laws, neither man had any concrete proposal for improving the country's economic machinery. Their attitude was that business should be allowed to take care of itself, which, of course, is what business has been doing for many years with the results we see all about us.

THOMAS W. LAMONT'S suggestion that Germany take the initiative in seeking an adjustment in reparations is one that should be acted upon without further loss of time. The period of the Hoover moratorium is quickly running out. European governments must know as soon as possible what financial payments they have to make next year in order that their budgets may be properly balanced. The longer this task is delayed the more confusing will the European financial situation become. Germany can much better afford to make the first move now than it could last June. Today everyone is aware of the extreme delicacy of Germany's internal situation, and by the same token everyone is apparently willing to help in bringing about a solution. Even France has come to realize that reparations must again be revised downward. As an earnest of this changed sentiment Premier Laval has proposed that a conference of the interested Powers, including also the United States, be held as soon as practicable. Speaking unofficially for his own country, Mr. Lamont said that "the Administration at Washington will be prepared to receive with an open mind any fresh debt proposals of a constructive nature" emanating from Europe. One other point Mr. Lamont advanced in his article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* is worthy of the closest attention. He called for "some well-considered move" for tariff reduction. Truly, if reparations are adjusted and tariff walls are allowed to remain to impede economic recovery, the problem will be only half-solved. By neglecting the tariff question the Powers are likely to make worthless whatever positive benefit might be derived from a solution of the reparations question.

SOVIET RUSSIA has an interest in the Manchurian question that is no less definite than was that of the Russian empire. Moscow needs a short route to Vladivostok and access to ice-free ports south of the Amur River as much as did St. Petersburg. Yet it is doubtful whether the Soviet Government is ready at this time to risk a war in Manchuria either to advance its own interests or to prevent Manchuria from falling entirely into the hands of a rival Power. A war coming just now would seriously impair, if not completely wreck, the Russian industrialization program, upon the success of which the future of Communist rule in Russia depends. This does not mean that Moscow is prepared to abandon its position in Manchuria, especially with respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway, in order to avoid being drawn into a possible war. It merely means that Moscow will think twice before interfering in the Sino-Japanese quarrel. In brief, Japan's fear of Russian intervention is largely without foundation. This fear has been based mainly on rumors emanating from Harbin (the Riga of the Far East) and from minor Chinese generals who favor Japanese control of Manchuria. Fortunately the Russians were able to convince the Japanese that they were taking no offensive military measures with an eye to the northern Manchurian situation, which immediately relieved the tension.

ANOTHER PRESIDENT has found it convenient to put off redemption of the independence pledge to the Philippines. It is not that Mr. Hoover does not recognize the existence and supposedly binding force of this promise, for that he surely does. Indeed, in his statement of October 27 he said that "independence of the Philippines at some time has been directly or indirectly promised by every President and by the Congress." Apparently the emphasis is to be placed on the "some time." Though there is no hurry about redeeming the promise, the Filipinos, in the President's view, really cannot object. The promise still stands, and that is all that matters. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover felt obliged to advance an excuse for this latest postponement. "The economic independence of the Philippines," he said, "must be attained before political independence can be successful." But just what constitutes economic freedom for our wards in the Far East? Does it mean that they must first acquire sufficient strength to throw out the heavy American investments which now largely rule their economic life, or that they should first learn how to scrape together an existence outside rather than within the American tariff walls? Whatever he meant, Mr. Hoover is convinced that "independence tomorrow without assured economic stability [which is something quite different from economic independence] would result in the collapse of Philippine government revenues and the collapse of all economic life in the islands." If this far-fetched view be accurate, why does not the United States set to and help the Philippines acquire that necessary degree of economic stability?

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OUR HATS ARE OFF to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, that venerable revolutionary, that familiar leader of lost hopes in the Free Commonwealth of Maryland. This time it is announcing its adherence to the slogan "The way to begin is to begin," in connection with disarmament. It demands that disarmament shall begin at home. Remarking that there has been no real disarmament in any quarter of the world, and that there has never been a time in recent history when war and the possibility of war were so remote, it declares that "since no great nation is willing to make the first gesture, perhaps here in Maryland we may be able to point the way." The great nation of Maryland, it explains, maintains its own army. It is not the greatest of Maryland's burdens, but since President Hoover has declared that there is no likelihood of war, the *Evening Sun* asks "by what process of reasoning can the continuance of the National Guard be justified?" Maryland has a police force, and the guard cannot be used, it appears, for breaking strikes; hence it is only an ornament. Its abolition would save the State $231,000 and the federal government $695,000, and the armories could then be used for community meetings, for dances, for flower shows, for conventions, or anything else. The proposal commends itself to our souls, and we note with joy that our Baltimore friend has respectfully referred this proposal to Albert Ritchie, Governor—with its tongue in its cheek, we fear. Is he not a candidate for the Presidency?

THE FOLLOWING EXEGESIS of the tariff situation in Great Britain we reprint from the *New Statesman and Nation*. It covers the question, and at one point and another it presents parallels to the Case for Protection in these United States which will not be lost on thoughtful observers. It is called The Truth About Tariffs.

With the aid of Jevons on logic and of "Alice in Wonderland,"
I have studied the case for a tariff: it runs, as I understand,
That tariffs are good for employment—which is why you will find today
So many millions of workless all over the U.S.A.;
That the crisis is international, and that much of the blame must fall
On the folk who hampered exchanges by building a tariff wall—
So to help the world to recover, and give the markets a tone,
We must clearly come to the rescue with a tariff wall of our own;
That a tariff was chiefly needed, as all the experts have found,
To offset costs of production that were tied to a gold-rate pound—
So it must be much more essential now the gold rate has had to go
And the lessened value of sterling makes the costs of production low;
That the tariff isn't an issue, since a bargain can soon be made
By the hot-heads of high Protection with the stalwarts of pure Free Trade—
They need but accept it in outline (for the details are best concealed)
As a purely emergency measure—that never must be repealed;
That the arguments don't much matter, for even if it were shown
We could only deal with the crisis by leaving tariffs alone,
The hot-heads of high Protection would tell us, and feel no doubt,
That the crisis itself don't matter, if it brings a tariff about.

MACFLECKNOE

President and Navy

PRESIDENT HOOVER has struck back with unaccustomed vigor at the crowd of "little" big-navy men who have been attacking his economy program. "In order that the country may know the untruth and distortions of fact" concerning the strength of our naval forces which have lately been circulated by the Navy League, Mr. Hoover has announced the appointment of a committee, "including members of the Navy League, to whom agencies of the government will demonstrate these untruths and distortions of fact." Bravo, Mr. Hoover. We shall welcome any investigation that will successfully expose the malicious propaganda of these persons who are bent on making the United States more militaristic at a time when the whole world is crying for peace and disarmament. Public exposure and condemnation of the big-navy crowd will help not only to show that the Administration is sincere in its efforts to reduce armaments, but also to suppress, at least for the time being, a serious menace to the peace of the world.

We do not want to minimize the importance of Mr. Hoover's action, but we do wish he had had foresight and courage enough to place himself in a stronger position. He weakened himself considerably by his Navy Day tribute, in which he indulged in extravagant praise of the navy's tradition and personnel. This sounded suspiciously like a shamefaced apology for his efforts toward economy. It suggested that he was going into the disarmament matter against his personal wishes. Again, in his challenge to the Navy League and its chairman, William Howard Gardiner, he descended to a level of acrimony unbecoming a high government official. Even if we remember the Navy League's allegation that he was "abysmally ignorant" of naval problems, Mr. Hoover's strong rebuke of Chairman Gardiner, and his demand that the latter be prepared to apologize publicly, smacked of personal spleen. They might have been worthy of a Tammany mayor, but certainly not of a President of the United States.

Of course, this does not mean that the big-navy people, including particularly Mr. Gardiner, can on any grounds be excused for their blustering and bullying. The Navy League's assertion that the Hoover program would make for "bigger and bloodier wars" is not only sheer nonsense but positively vicious. Chairman Gardiner's sneering reply to the Hoover statement, in which he expressed surprise "at the President's suggestion that he himself will appoint a committee to investigate a matter touching administrative policy, in view of the fact that Congress is the investigating branch of the government," was that of the gutter politician. Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, also showed where he stood when he inferentially supported the Navy League by attacking the World Peace Foundation. He charged the Peace Foundation with disseminating misleading information, although its information was based upon official reports. This was but one of a number of big-navy gestures that have come from Mr. Adams. It is impossible to see how Mr. Hoover can continue to put up with such apparently deliberate sabotaging of his naval policy by one of his Cabinet officers. Secretary Adams should be required to resign at once.

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MacDonald Smashes British Labor

THE unprecedented Tory and National triumph in England gives us the exact measure of what Ramsay MacDonald's policy of a national government to "save" Great Britain has done to the cause of Labor and of English progress in general. It has decreased the Labor representation in the House of Commons by 218, thus putting the party back to where it was twenty-one years ago. It has driven out of public life—temporarily we trust—almost every one of the party associates who twice made MacDonald Prime Minister, and all but two of the associates of his second Labor Cabinet. It has not even created a "national" control of Parliament, for no one can contend that a majority made up of 470 Conservatives, 68 National Liberals, and 13 National Labor men fairly and adequately represents the nation. Far more important than that, Mr. MacDonald has actually turned over the control of his country to the very party which he has hitherto fought tooth and nail and denounced as the public enemy. It is the party which he has opposed because it stood for imperialism, for protection, for the continued enslavement of India, because of its strong militaristic tendencies, its opposition to a juster distribution of wealth and to social control of the industrial and social life of Great Britain—in short, its opposition to everything which Mr. MacDonald held dear.

Now if this were all due to the existence of a genuine national crisis, it would perhaps be understandable. That Mr. MacDonald thinks so is unquestioned. He really believed that the foreign and British bankers demanded a cut in the dole—though as to the American bankers he was entirely in error. Although his associates, he himself says, agreed to everything else, he dissolved the Cabinet and formed the so-called "National" Government. Of this the London *New Statesman and Nation* wrote on October 10 that "within a week the pretense that there is a 'National Government' will be laughed off of every political platform in the country." The first purpose of the National Government was to save the gold standard for England; Mr. MacDonald was sure that in achieving the foreign loans he had saved not only England, but the United States and perhaps all of Europe. But within three and a half weeks the very thing he had undertaken to prevent came to pass, and lo, it was not the disaster that had been painted. It did not wreck Great Britain. It did not depress her industries farther. On the contrary, it gave a sudden if temporary spurt of new life to them. But still Mr. MacDonald continued to believe that the country was face to face with so dire an emergency as to warrant his smashing the whole party organization which he and so many others had labored so unselfishly to construct. He continued to ask for a "doctor's mandate" refusing to state what the doctor would do, on the ground that nobody could know what the diseases might be and what their symptoms six months hence. His Government, he said, had not and could not make up its mind what remedy to apply!

Meanwhile on the stump and in the press his old enemies and new allies showed that the existence of a national crisis had made no difference whatever in their attitude or their policies. The *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Mail* subordinated nothing of their venom to the appeal for patriotism, for a united front to save the country. Their propaganda was as frankly class propaganda as that of the Communists. Indeed, Winston Churchill declared for class war in the *Daily Mail*. As for the protective tariff, which most Liberals and Labor men believe may prove to be the final ruin of British industry, the Conservatives were frankly for it, while Mr. MacDonald hedged by saying that a temporary tariff might be one of the doctor's remedies if and when, after taking office, it appeared proper to a new National Government to apply this remedy. So the former Socialist and radical is at this hour engaged with Stanley Baldwin in creating a National Government which will be more absurd than the one that has just ended. Ramsay MacDonald forming a Cabinet the bulk of which is Conservative! The mere statement is enough to prove the monstrosity of the situation. It involves a moral compromise which would be the undoing of Mr. MacDonald if he had not already been swept from his every mooring of the past. We cannot believe that he will be allowed to dominate it for long. If there is a vestige of the old MacDonald left he will find that he cannot work with men whose entire vision of life is so different from his own; nor can we believe that they will be willing long, after the so-called emergency has passed, to permit him to have the honor and power that come to a British Premier.

If we examine the vote and contrast it with the election of 1929 it appears that the Conservatives gained, in round numbers, 3,300,000 votes, polling 11,831,438, as against 8,600,000 in 1929. Labor lost 1,664,247 adherents, while the Liberals lost 3,000,000; it thus appears that 1,394,408 voters abstained from the polls. In all England only 74,824 could be found to vote the Communist ticket, while independent voters for all other groups totaled less than 130,000. In the recent Parliament Labor took very little interest in the Liberal demands for the reform of the system of voting, with the result that although it polled 6,642,230 votes, it has only 52 members of the new House, whereas the Conservatives, with less than double the vote, have 470. As for the Liberals, they appear done for. There is no reason why the 68 National Liberal members, having swallowed protection, should not go right into the Conservative Party; only four candidates of the Lloyd George group survived. In addition, Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party is extinguished. Dissatisfaction with MacDonald's failure to bring about radical social reform and the obvious national desire for a change due to the industrial depression, in addition to the army of unemployed, produced the overturn. The electorate walked into a trap cleverly baited. In that trap they will, however, find no salvation. Our own American conservatives, who are jubilating over the defeat of the Laborites, had better beware. A friendly government has yielded to one the major elements of which have always been less friendly to America. In sight is a protective tariff, which is bound to strike a grave blow to American trade with England and her Empire.

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Happiness Committee

THE report of the President's Committee on Employment Plans and Suggestions is simply one more dreary exhibit of the hollowness of Mr. Hoover's commission method of surmounting every difficulty. The committee was composed of eighteen members, most of them prominent business men and one or two of them economists of standing. If they had faced their problems with candor and courage, they could have produced a report of real value. As it is, after two months of "intensive research," to use their chairman's phrase, they have turned in a report of 6,000 words that could certainly have been written, before any committee was appointed, by Mr. Hoover himself. Indeed, if one judges it either by its sentiments, its timorousness, or its sodden literary style, with its vague platitudes and pious advice, it sounds as if it actually were his work.

The committee makes ten recommendations. The first is the stale counsel, which we have been hearing for the last two years, that "every American citizen now employed" should "resume normal buying." The American citizen is, of course, no more likely to attend to this advice now than he has in the past. If his wages or hours have been cut, or if he considers his job in danger, or if he finds himself forced to contribute to the support of relatives and friends in distress, or if he has been comparatively well off and now finds his former investments shrunk to a fraction of their former value, or if he suspects that certain retail prices have not yet come down to the extent that they legitimately should, or if, as is probable, several of these conditions affect him all at once, then he is quite naturally going to continue to buy cautiously. It is about time that even Mr. Hoover's committees began to recognize that reduced retail buying is in the main a result of bad conditions rather than a cause of them. Recommendation number 2 is that "public confidence in our financial and credit structures must be reestablished." This, of course, is necessary, but you do not reestablish confidence simply by advising it; rather you tackle the problem at its core by removing whatever legitimate grounds there may be for the lack of confidence. Recommendation number 3 is that bankers take a more "liberal" attitude in extending loans to customers. The banker who is actually taking the risk considers that he is the best judge of the soundness of the particular loan which he is being called upon to make. Even if he is wrong in this assumption, he is not likely to be much affected by the vaguely hopeful advice of the President's committee. Recommendations number 4 and 5 are that available work be "spread" among as many workers as possible through reduced working hours and so on. This may prove a useful palliative, but it is a method far less broad in its possible or probable application than the committee implies; it is, moreover, a method that places the main burden of taking care of the unemployed on labor rather than on capital. Recommendations 6 and 9 concern the extension of public works and their prompt execution. These are good as far as they go but they should have been much more outspoken and specific. Recommendation 7 is an expression of the pious hope that the white-collar worker will be better off this winter than he is likely to be, and recommendation 8 reveals that the committee, after its two months of "intensive research," decided that when you are going to do any firing, you ought to fire the single men before you fire the married men. The prize recommendation is fittingly reserved for the last. This is that it would be fine if surplus labor this winter could be transferred from cities to farms. In view of the notorious prosperity of the farmers just now, and of the boom prices for wheat and cotton, and of the fact, which everybody knows, that the winter is just the time when the farms need labor most, the rest of us must feel like kicking ourselves for not having thought of this idea first.

The chairman, Harry A. Wheeler, transmitted this fatuous report with the thoroughly untrue remark that "we have within our own boundaries the elemental factors for recovery." What would an honest report have said? It would have begun instead, perhaps, with something like the recent remark of Benjamin Anderson: "The most serious obstacle in the way of early recovery is the state of our foreign trade. The most serious obstacle in the way of the revival of our foreign trade is our high protective tariffs." And it would have continued: "The most serious obstacle in the way of any reduction in our high protective tariffs is Herbert Hoover." Then, perhaps, the President's committee would have been on its way toward saying something pertinent.

American Philanthropy

NEARLY a billion dollars of American money was spent in 1930 for philanthropic purposes. This is equivalent to about a fourth of the total annual expenditures of the United States government, and however you look at it, it is a lot of money. What was it spent for, and how? In a study just issued by the Twentieth Century Fund an attempt is made to answer this question. Defining a foundation as an organization which disburses funds for public benefit, not only through its own activities but at least in part through grants to outside beneficiaries, the Fund sent out a questionnaire to 122 foundations asking for information on their capital resources, their income, the amount disbursed in 1930, the amount spent for operating expenses, and the purposes for which the funds were diverted. Eight hundred and fifty millions of capital was involved in the 101 foundations which allowed their figures to be made public. Of this 85 per cent was owned by the first twenty foundations, and 48 per cent by the first five—the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Rockefeller Foundation, the General Education Board, the Duke Endowment, and the Commonwealth Fund of New York City. The group as a whole gave away in 1930 something over $52,000,000.

What was the money given for? True to the consuming passion of the American people, 35.5 per cent of the funds was dispensed for medicine and public health; 27 per cent went for education; 9.2 for the physical sciences, and 6.2 for the social sciences. Once these important matters were out of the way, particularly the supremely important one of health, the others followed in rapidly diminishing ratio. For international relations, 2.7 per cent of the money was spent; for child welfare, 2.3; for business, industry, and finance, 1.5; for government and politics, 1.5;

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for "the humanities," 1.9; for city planning and housing, 0.3; for race relations, 0.1; and less than 0.1 per cent for civil liberties, labor unions, or birth control. Analyzing the income spent in another way, 51 per cent of all funds in all fields was dispersed for purposes of education and 20 per cent for research, leaving less than 30 per cent for what the report calls "social action," which includes everything from medals for heroism to donations to hospitals, clinics, and for public-health work.

It would be interesting to draw from the tables presented pertinent deductions as to the cost of dispensing these funds—the overhead, in other words, of the disbursing agencies. Actually a list of "administrative expenses" is given for nearly half of the foundations; but since these figures include often the amounts spent in any given activity by the organization itself, as distinguished from moneys given as outside grants, they are misleading. Thus it would be shocking to learn that of $127,000 spent by the American Foundation for the Blind, $123,000 came under the head of administrative expenses, were it not that most of the income dispensed by that organization is spent directly and placed under that category. In general, however, as far as the figures can be interpreted, it can be said that the large foundations spend 5 per cent or less of their funds to disperse the balance; that the foundations giving away less than $50,000 seem to be most lavish with their overhead expenses; and that the prize should go to the Dayton Foundation of Dayton, Ohio, which, out of an annual disbursement for research of $16,419, spent for overhead $494 or 0.3 per cent.

It remains to consider the two foundations which did not make any reply to the questionnaire, and the dozen or more that refused to permit any figures as to capital, income, or method of disbursement to be made public. Some of these organizations felt—mistakenly it would seem—that to do so would be to subject themselves to more requests for aid than they could handle; others were frankly hostile and flatly refused to have anything to do with the investigation. For some of them it will, of course, be an injustice, but inevitably such secrecy arouses suspicion: money that is well and economically spent can surely also be publicly spent.

The value of the present study lies in its assumption that these are in a major sense public funds, dispersed for the benefit of the public. That they happen also to be taken from the fortunes of individuals does not make them less so. And one is irresistibly drawn to the conclusion, first, that the public is entitled to know how they are spent, and, second, that judging from the results so far published, they often are spent in strange ways and not over wisely. For a study of business, industry, and finance, all questions directly affecting the bulk of the population, only $770,000 of the $52,000,000 is available; for the good life, roughly one might say something like 7 per cent, lumping the activities as liberally as possible. The former restriction springs probably out of the deeply conservative nature of nearly all the foundations; such questions are controversial questions and best let alone. The limitation in the latter category springs doubtless from want of imagination. Those who have money to give away give it for the most obvious things. If reports like the present one can stimulate the public imagination, it may be that our philanthropy, as long as we continue to enjoy it at all, may be directed to more subtle and enduring ends.

The Folger Library

THE American library—like American education—has generally suffered from the defects of its virtues. No previous civilization ever did so much to make books generally or so easily accessible, and from the standpoint of the general reader no libraries in the world are equal to ours. But for many reasons the scholar has not only been compelled to visit foreign collections, but has actually felt more at home in the British Museum or the Bodleian than he ever did in even our own university libraries. The Morgan Library in New York and the Huntington Library in California are recent and very valuable collections of special interest to the scholar, but in many respects the newly endowed Folger Shakespeare Library just opened in Washington exceeds even them in importance.

Henry Clay Folger, one time president of the Standard Oil Company of New York and later chairman of its board, was a learned and indefatigable collector of material relating to Shakespeare, but until his recent endowment no one realized the almost inconceivable richness of the treasures which he had collected. Now, as a result of his beneficence, this collection will be suitably housed in Washington and put at the disposition of scholars, who will find it incomparably the most valuable storehouse of material bearing upon Shakespeare to be found anywhere in the world. The building, just across the street from the Congressional Library, is to include also a museum for the display of the many articles relating to Shakespeare and a theater where plays may be produced in a manner more nearly approaching the Elizabethan than is possible anywhere else.

The collection contains some 70,000 volumes, hundreds of thousands of play bills, vast quantities of letters (about 6,000 relating to Daly alone), as well as innumerable portraits, prints, statues, and so on, relating to Shakespeare, his plays, or the Elizabethan drama. But the best way of giving some idea of the richness of the collection is to refer to its massing of the great rarities. There are seventy-nine copies of the First Folio, fifty of the Second Folio, and twenty-four of the Third Folio. The Quartos are hardly less well represented, there being, as a matter of fact, only three of those published before the First Folio which are not represented by at least one copy. Nor is it to be supposed that all this represents mere duplication, since most of the early issues are valuable for one reason or another and many of the Folger copies contain annotations of great importance. Their collector was particularly interested in the problems of Shakespeare's text, and his collection will make possible studies of the highest value.

Professor George H. Whicher, in an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the library, quotes Miss Bartlett, the well-known bibliographer, as having said in 1916 that only three public institutions in America contained original editions of Shakespeare of sufficient value to form the basis of an exhibit. Today no public institution in the world is richer than the Folger Library will be. For more than a century American scholars have gone abroad to do research. We need not be chauvinists to take pride in the fact that henceforth many Europeans will be compelled to come here for the same purpose.

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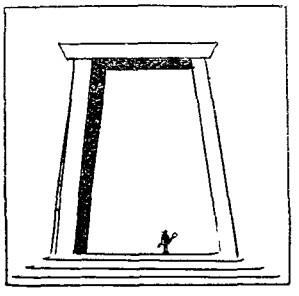
Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I HAPPENED to be talking to my banker. My banker (I love the expression—it sounds so much more imposing than my grocer or my laundryman) is a charming fellow. He has a keen interest in life. He knows good literature. He collects good books. And he is very kind to me. Indeed, he usually treats me as I try not to treat my son who wants to go in for aesthetic dancing. Not that I am unreasonable about it. I love the kid. If it makes him happy to dance, then by all means let him dance. But to the non-dancing Pa the dancing son remains somewhat of a puzzle. Just as I remain slightly puzzling to my banker. I look as if I might have done almost anything else but what I am doing. With first-rate training I might have developed into a fairly good prize fighter. I have a certain mathematical gift and therefore, although the world's worst business man, I might have done something practical in the realm of affairs. And here I sit forever at a little desk and waste my time writing books and articles predicting the coming of a new age. What that age is going to be I do not know. But the old order of things, so I preach, has come to an end. I think it my duty to say so. An unprofitable business. Why do I predict gloom when I might use my talents to prophesy the return of bigger and better business? I am not exactly a traitor to my own class and that makes the whole thing even more mysterious. I have no love for the brethren of the Kremlin. Karl Marx means merely a bore to me—a bore who evolved the vision of a new Utopia in an atmosphere of stale cigar smoke and sour beer. Really it is very upsetting. At least it is very upsetting to my banker. And he asks me why I write what I happen to write? Instead of telling simple honest folks, already scared out of their wits, that soon they will be richer and happier than ever before, I go out of my way trying to persuade them that the old order is dead and they have got to prepare their minds for the new deal. How do I know that the old order is dead, and how do I know what that new deal is going to be? Let me answer the second question first. I have not the vaguest notion what that new order is going to be. But I know—in so far as it is humanly possible to know anything at all—that the old order is dead. How do I know? Well, my good banker friend, when you want to know where you stand you draw up a little trial balance. So much "debit" on the one side and so much "credit" on the other. Let me do the same for the present order of society.

Here is the list of what actually remains of the old order. There still are a few kingdoms in Europe but most of them are of much more recent date than the American Constitution. Most of the so-called "old" dynasties have less of a pedigree than our own Adams family.

When we come to political institutions, there is the Icelandic "moot," which for purposes of Icelandic patriotism —and there is such a thing—can be traced back to the end of the ninth century, when the island was first settled. But the Icelandic moot is about as important—from a general world point of view—as the general assembly of the Canton Uri or the annual assembly of the freeholders of the Republic of Andorra. Let us go after bigger game. Then we find that there is very little left of any real importance. There still is a House of Lords in England, but the heraldic hippogriffs and krakens which used to defend that institution against the vulgar entrance of mere villeins have all of them been deprived of their claws by the manicures of democracy and now they are mere harmless little pussy cats. No, the House of Lords of today bears about the same relation to the actual life of the British nation as the American Academy of Letters does to American literature.

Next, there is the College of Cardinals of the church. The outsiders rarely know what actually happens behind those cloistered walls where the Saints of Tomorrow revaluate Existence of Today in terms of Yesteryear. But it appears from little bits of smoke which occasionally escape from the hermetically sealed windows that a fierce fire is raging inside. It is the old quarrel. Jesuit and Dominican are at each other's throat once more. The church, threatened by the wholesale desertion of the faithful in the general direction of the more alluring campfires of the Marxian legions, is sharply divided upon all points of economic doctrine. The most recent events in Spain and in Italy itself have shown that that August Body is no longer what it was in the days when America was first visited by one Christopher Columbus, and the College of Cardinals can hardly be said to play an important role in the affairs of the world.

What else is there? The Académie française? Created only a few centuries ago and too local and circumscribed to be of any general importance.

The remnants of the old knightly orders—the Knights of St. John, the Golden Fleece, the Templars? Amusing masquerades for portly old gentlemen like the annual parade of Boston's Ancient and Honorable Artillery—a bit pathetic when not downright funny. What else is there that has survived the social and economic hurricane of the last twenty years? A few monastic orders, tolerated whenever they play 'possum, but ruthlessly expelled whenever they try to play a role in practical politics. A Japanese royal family and a few Indian dynasties, too remote from us to be of any real importance. And that is about all—a dozen shop-worn historical curiosities and for the rest nothing, nothing, nothing.

There remains only one question. Since yesterday is dead, what of tomorrow? Are we going to have Gandhi-ism, or Grandi-ism, or Marxism, or communism, or fascism, or will the whole town turn out to welcome Bishop Manning the next time he returns to his native land as the spiritual dictator of a chastened Christian community? Let me try and answer those questions next week.

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Government Bureaus for Private Profit

By F. J. SCHLINK

ALTHOUGH the American buying public has so long been accustomed to be humbugged and hoodwinked that it takes many forms of chicane in its stride as hazards necessarily present in any encounter with industry, it has yet preserved a touching faith in the disinterestedness of a number of abstract authorities. Among these is science—and if science in industry has had its scattering doubters, science in government has been regarded as pretty well above suspicion. The new development of the ideals of the functioning of government in the era of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover has accustomed everyone to the use of government as a means to clear all roads to larger and quicker profits for the business man and to condition the consumer to a more willing and open-handed acceptance of whatever is offered for sale; but always the myth has persisted that Science and Research, with capital letters, were incorruptible and unpurchasable, that they must in the nature of things, always and everywhere, serve the common weal.

Probably more has happened to wreck the aloof and impartial quality of the scientific and regulatory bureaus of the government under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, first as Secretary of Commerce and then as President, than in all the previous existence of such institutions as the Bureaus of Standards, Mines, Public Health, the Forest Service, and the Food and Drug Administration. It is well known that Mr. Hoover as head of the Department of Commerce extended a much-feared influence into the Department of Agriculture and other parts of the federal service, amounting in a number of cases even to pressure for dismissal of men who dared oppose his policies on interdepartmental questions and in jurisdictional conflicts. The direction of many federal bureaus has in late years been assigned to men of such temper that the departments have been little more than handy consulting or guidance services to business enterprise, organized to serve when needed in another more useful way—by lending the prestige of the research facilities of the government to an essential promotion or sales-making activity of business interests.

The whole system of unrestrained diversion of governmental activity to business ends flows from an engagingly simple system of economic ideas held by both political parties. This may be called the "natural distribution of benefits" or "shower of economic grace" theory of political economy. In its essence it is that whatever government does in the way of technical or administrative service for the Southern California Edison Company or General Motors Corporation automatically and irresistibly appears, after the lapse of the proper time for flow and seepage and the operation of intercorporate competition (if and when there is any), as a corresponding and equal or somewhat enlarged economic boon upon the lap of the humblest citizen of Wheeler Springs, California. That no one knows just how a capitalistic economy operates as to its interlinkages, flows, and seepages, or indeed in any other important aspects, is no bar to the wide acceptance of this Adam Smith-Herbert Hoover doctrine by all but a scattered few in federal office.

The Bureau of Standards is a part of the Department of Commerce, which in the Hoover epoch is styled "a department of service to the American business man." It is but natural, therefore, that a large part of the bureau's services and plant should now be given over to the studies and experiments of ninety-six research associates, employed and paid by thirty-nine business interests, mostly trade associations but in a few cases individual firms like the Johns-Manville Corporation (makers of heat insulation) and E. R. Squibb and Sons (famous for shaving creams, tooth paste, and milk of magnesia). The growth of the research-associate plan has aided in bringing about the disappearance of the bureau's work for theoretical and applied science, and the devotion of what was once a distinguished research institution to the direct service of manufacturers and merchants, with a fair background of investigation for the prohibition-enforcement agents, the secret service, the navy, the customs, and other departments of the government itself. Skipping over a few items covering metrology and physical constants—on which the bureau must continue to do a great deal of work in order to furnish a basis for its more practical work for industry—and work on specifications and tests for other government services, we find typically such projects as the following: research on blistering of vitreous enamels on cast iron (to correct a manufacturing difficulty of twenty-five years' standing in the bathtub trade); crazing of semi-porcelain dinnerware and cutlery-marking of chinaware (practically all the solid research done to facilitate ceramic manufacture in this country has been done by the bureau and by tax-supported State universities such as that of Ohio); measurement of high electrical voltages and large currents (exceedingly important to the electric-power industry); underground corrosion of pipe (two-thirds of the immediate but not the real cost is paid by the gas association, the petroleum association, and a few individual manufacturers); hotel gas ranges (a limited amount of work was done on domestic ranges, to help government institutions, such as hospitals and barracks, but not ultimate consumers in selection of such equipment); corrosion of gas-oven linings (results submitted to the gas association, which paid for the job in part); certification of master measuring gauges (for the petroleum association and for automobile manufacturers).

There are cases even where the bureau's uniquely equipped instrument shop has been employed in making, at the bare cost of labor and material, fine measuring devices which a manufacturer could not produce economically or buy elsewhere with sufficient precision for his factory's needs. The plant, personnel, and equipment, fitted beyond all similar institutions in the world for difficult, elaborate investigations into the properties of materials and instruments of measure useful to the population as consumers, are being applied to the simplification and standardization of wrapping twine and packing boxes representing a minor expenditure of the department-store trade, a trade with income and profits and a spirit of rugged self-help such that it should need no aid from government in solving its necktie-box problems. On

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the other hand, the bureau's work in certain other fields involving precise measurement, for which it is alone equipped in America to do work of the necessary precision, is so tied up with delay, red tape, and breakage of valuable apparatus sent in for test that a movement has been started by an important industry to send such items from its American manufacturers to a government laboratory in Germany, where they may be handled and certified more quickly and returned with less breakage, in spite of the two trips across the sea.

It is impossible to understand why any government officer should assume that commercial and industrial competition will assure the production of consumers' goods of a high standard when government departments buy huge supplies of writing ink each year, and not a quart of the same high grade of ink appears in any market to which ultimate consumers have access. Here we see a simple test of the working of the Hoover formula. This type of ink has been known since the eleventh century. Scientific research on it dates from 1748. A superior standardized grade has been produced for governmental use in America and Europe since 1890; yet if a poet or a lawyer needs some for his own work because a part of what he writes should be readable fifty years hence, the only sure way in 1931 is to have the ink compounded to the published formula by a druggist. Evidently the benefits may or may not seep, and competition may or may not effectively diffuse the technical arts and superior skills of a trade. Work on such important goods is valuable, but it is absurd that the findings in terms of the products actually on the market should be suppressed (except to the extent that the data are used to guide a limited proportion of the government's own purchases).

The government's argument against free release of data of interest to consumers is that economic matters and the economic effects of its studies are outside its proper concern. Yet the bureau finds no inconsistency in conducting, but not publishing, competent researches into the telephone rate structure and kinds and quality of service, or in developing for the State of Connecticut a purely economic analysis providing a scientific basis of taxation for motor vehicles. But there is no help for the consuming public on radio sets, or gasoline, or automobile oil, or writing paper, or living-room rugs corresponding to the costly and extensive work done by the government for manufacturers on exactly the same aspects of the same subjects.

Another agency in the Department of Commerce represents a different and perhaps equally dangerous trend. A private enterprise, the National Committee on Wood Utilization (note the word utilization), is a device established as a combination research and publicity project to promote the sale of lumber and in this and other ways to increase the profits of the lumber trade. Association with a government department naturally increases the prestige of what the "committee" will say, and such prestige gets the "committee's" views about nature's priceless boon of yellow-pine flooring into papers and magazines as Department of Commerce publicity which will be believed instead of as advertising which will be discounted. Said an officer of the committee: "They [the lumber trade] found that trade propaganda was effective to a certain extent, but it did not carry their story to the people with sufficient force. They needed the backing of an impartial committee reinforced by governmental authority to get over their story." Exactly. With the success of the lumber trade in this endeavor, other national industries will find means to publish their private advertising as government bulletins. The canning trade has had remarkable success in this same way with the Department of Agriculture. Says an official Department of Agriculture publicity story: "American canners are almost universally committed to a policy of giving the consumer an honest product conforming to every reasonable regulation, not only because it is the right thing to do, but because it is the best business policy." The Cotton Textile Institute found great help to trade in a National Cotton Week, organized under the auspices of the Department of Commerce. Increasing the number of outlets for cotton is likewise the object of a bulletin just issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which is a compilation of "suggestive, informative, and helpful aid to the vacationer, bringing out how cotton can make the vacation more successful." This work of sales research is offered as a free publication and will thus be in heavier demand than honest publications which must be bought by the taxpayer because they do not help a trade to sell him something.

The worst aspect of these governmental activities is not in the purely promotional enterprises, but in the twisted scholarship and coolly planned misdirection of public information. Until recent years an Act of Congress prohibited a government bureau's receiving either goods or services free from anyone, and the reasoning behind this enactment was both sound and of practical importance. It was clear that the manufacturer who gives a government officer or bureau free goods or grants of money for apparatus and staff has, or will shortly seek, an inside track in the way of special favors, advance information on new developments, opportunities to correct what his special interests would make him regard as errors or possible misunderstandings in forthcoming publications. Such advance censorship was applied by meat- and fruit-packing interests on at least two publications prepared in the Department of Agriculture; the public was later allowed access to those parts of the publication that were permitted to be printed.

Commercial methanol is synthetic wood alcohol, a deadly poison. In a report from the Bureau of Mines this dangerous substance was practically given a clean bill of health. It was not a coincidence that the entire direct cost of the investigation carried out by able scientists in a government bureau was paid for by three powerful companies interested in the production and freest possible public sale of methanol. Costs of research plant and overhead staff are in such cases paid for by the taxpayers generally. As is usual in cases where special reports are paid for in this way by commercial interests, and in many cases where the work is paid for entirely out of taxes, the whole study was referred to the interested commercial companies before the public had any opportunity to examine the unmodified findings. There was already ample reason for bias in those findings. There was no likelihood that after being doctored by the firms which paid for the privilege of such preliminary review of the findings, the published reports would insist upon the necessary safeguards to the great number of workers and members of the community at large who would be exposed to the dangers of the poison. Such safeguards, when required, put any product at a heavy disadvantage compared with competing materials of a less poisonous nature. Adequate safeguards were, however, not required, and for this prostitution

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of the scientific method automobile users and painters, garage workers and other tradesmen who are forced to use varnish, shellac, and paint-remover will pay with their lives in a few cases, and with some part of their health in thousands. Even the conservative *Journal of the American Medical Association,* which usually defends governmental defaults in protection of public health, says of this case, with respect to the general hazard to automobilists: "If precautions and warning in regard to the dangers of inhaling [methanol] fumes from heated automobile radiators are not instituted, it is highly probable that many cases of blindness will result and probably also fatalities."

Senator Copeland of New York is a physician and so presumably interested in the public health. Yet he was among those who, by formal objection, without assignment of reasons, helped prevent action in the Senate on a resolution calling for investigation and report on the circumstances by which the manufacturers had been able in the methanol case to dictate their commercial requirements into the findings of the scientists. Strange indeed that New York's physician-Senator should think the public health less deserving of safeguards than the free, uncensored, and unreviewable approach of corporation advocates to government technical bureaus and officers!

The Bureau of Mines favored the manufacturers with a practical and useful report also in the case of methyl chloride, a deadly poisonous substance used under high pressure in electric refrigerators, which has already snuffed out many lives without warning. Using the prestige of the government's report, which all but a small number of persons would assume to be almost entirely free from bias, a manufacturer of this poison, by careful selection of material and suppression of unfavorable findings, issued advertising which to a non-technical reader or even to a slightly credulous technician appears to prove that methyl chloride was governmentally and officially shown to be a relatively harmless substance, and indeed the last word in efficient and safe refrigerant gases. Since the government issued no public condemnation of this atrocious misuse of its data, as its officers were in all decency bound to do, and as they do not do in these business-like days, the scientists who reported the findings later distorted by commercial interests functioned to all practical purposes as silent partners in a campaign of tricky advertising—and that in a field involving exceedingly serious hazards to the lives of thousands of citizens.

Another major default of our government technical services lies in their failure to recommend laws obviously needed for the protection of consumers. The consumer's own knowledge of food and drug frauds, for example, is totally inadequate to enable him to suggest the proper legal correction of growing abuses, but the Department of Agriculture has the experience of fifty years' research and special technical skill. The department knows that though the advertising may reek with suppressions and falsehoods, so long as food and drug labels are not specifically false, there is no practical protection for the victims of patent remedies for deafness or "debility," of near-antiseptic mouth washes, excessively gritty tooth pastes, vitamin-poor canned goods, and the like. In other parts of the world backward countries cut the claws of the patent-medicine faker by requiring a full disclosure of formula on the label, which itself often suffices to check blatantly false claims—but no such proposal is heard from the Department of Agriculture, nor any suggestion that there should be legislation making false advertisement punishable to the same extent and in the same way as mislabeling now nominally—but not actually—is; that is, by fine and imprisonment under the Food and Drugs Act. In eight countries there are provisions for the suppression of fraudulent patent medicines which in the United States have never been officially proposed for administrative regulations or enactment into legislation. So far as the effectiveness of food and drug frauds in safely and profitably cheating the consumer is concerned, there might as well be no federal regulatory bureau whatever. This has been true ever since the direction of the bureau was taken from the hands of scientific men and given over to a lawyer-politician to whom the intricate technical and economic problems are as though they did not exist. There have been hundreds of second offenses and some up to the seventh under the Food and Drugs Act, but the severe penalties for second and succeeding offenses required under the act are never applied. An even worse situation exists in the practice of adulteration, which is accepted and legalized by administrative fiat or, more simply, by administrative inactivity. The French government prohibits the use of potassium bromate, which is a poisonous chemical, in the making of bread. The American Food and Drug Administration has not even troubled to examine carefully into the question but has permitted the practice for years as one of the many such adulterations which have the weight of practical and daily use by the whole industry or a major part of it. In the practice of the federal government, long-continued usage sanctions a practice sufficiently to prevent active interference on the part of a regulatory bureau.

Two or three times a year the Bureau of Standards tests nearly 2,000 dry cells from about a score of different manufacturers by an elaborate and costly apparatus specially designed by an able scientist of the bureau. The bureau knows far more about the batteries manufactured in America than any other agency, public or private. Each manufacturer receives free of cost the full test data applying to his own batteries and all the test results on the other makes with the trade names deleted. The taxpayer pays, but business gets the data—and the profits.

Would it not be a more business-like arrangement, and more in the Hoover philosophy, if the rugged chamber-of-commerce spirit of less-government-in-business would provide an industry-owned and industry-supported testing laboratory for this work, leaving the government free to do essential work not only for itself as a consumer but for the millions of citizens who use dry batteries? No government bureau chief has been able to explain why nineteen battery manufacturers should be entitled to more and better service from the government than nineteen million door-bell and flashlight users. If the battery manufacturers and methanol manufacturers insist on secrecy and private negotiations and advance examination of reports on tests of their product, they cannot honestly raise a word of objection to an act of Congress which would prohibit expenditure of public funds or use of any publicly owned plant and equipment for tests, investigations, or researches on which the full findings would not be as freely open to public examination and questioning as the decisions of the Idaho Supreme Court or the record of the ownership of a newspaper or a suburban lot.

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Such legislation would be entirely proper and entirely constitutional. The present anti-social and pro-business practices of the departments are pure accretions of administrative judgments, made sometimes by technicians, often by simple-minded bureaucrats of clerical or sales-department background, in a political and economic field in which such narrowly trained and shortsighted persons are exceptionally devoid of qualifications to function. The chiefs of the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Standards and the Food and Drug Administration are as little qualified to lay down binding precedents on a point enabling manufacturers to earn a few million dollars in extra dividends and costing the ultimate consumer some billions of dollars annually as any geologist, chemist, physicist, engineer, or lawyer ignorant of economic ideas and of the cost of consumer ignorance and misinformation. Bureau chiefs who believe that whatever scientific research one does for a tooth-paste manufacturer is done rightly at government expense, because one so serves the whole body of taxpayers, are simply unable to function intelligently in a field in which they lack both special training and social interest; it is such training and interest alone which would justify their being intrusted with the final determination of the rights of a hundred million users of goods as against the commercial rights of a few business men.

French Gold and the Balkans

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, October 15

IT is a new Mittel-Europa that France seems to be trying to build these days. Europe, to paraphrase Heine, is the continent that has its future behind it. This is a fancy way of saying that history repeats itself. It does. Once Germany had a Mittel-Europa dream, expressed by the phrase *Drang nach Osten;* now France is close, perhaps closer than Germany ever got, to achieving it. Gold has replaced blood as the chief instrument of this policy—so far.

What does France want in Central Europe? Financial dictatorship? Hardly. Even with the coffers of the Banque de France groaning-heavy with sterile gold, French bankers have been very cautious about loans to Central Europe, except in return for profound political guaranties. Geographical changes? Not so far. France devotes the major share of its policy to maintaining the status quo. War? Certainly not. France got what it wanted by the last war, and has more to lose by a new war than any other Power, except perhaps Soviet Russia.

What, then, does France want? It wants to isolate Germany. So at least is the feeling in Germany following new French maneuvers in Central Europe. France seems to want to build or dominate an east-to-west bloc throughout Central Europe and the Balkans, southeast of Germany, so that in case of eventual direct trouble across the Rhine the other frontiers will be "safe." The idea, if I do not simplify it too much, is to guarantee by political and financial arrangements the forced friendship or neutrality of the states on and beyond Germany's southern and eastern flanks. It is the old, old story of security once again.

France has a pretty good beginning toward Mittel-Europa right now, by its familiar series of military alliances with Poland and the countries of the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. Can the Little Entente be enlarged to include Austria and Hungary, thus finishing the job? Should this be done, a sort of central Danubian federation under French dominance might arise.

One must be careful not to exaggerate. How can the Little Entente embrace Hungary, the country which it was created to encircle? Political feeling between Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary is still very bad. The Entente has itself been weakened lately by Rumanian flirtation with Germany. But as it stands the Entente is still a very complete and efficient instrument of French policy. What more is needed?

What might happen is a preliminary step toward a closer attachment between Austria and Hungary. This in itself would profoundly advance the French design. It would make a sort of cripples' alliance under the French thumb that would tend to draw Austria away from Germany, orienting Vienna toward Budapest rather than Berlin. It would be a peg driven into the Danube at Vienna on which future arrangements might be hung. It would counteract any possible *Anschluss* between Austria and Germany. A French-controlled Austria and Hungary, lying athwart Central Europe, would check future German advances in the Balkans. It is highly interesting to note preliminary steps in this direction. There is a continual talk of a Hapsburg restoration in Hungary under French auspices. At Geneva there was proposed a joint commission to deal in common with the paralyzed finances of both Austria and Hungary.

This, however, is to look too far ahead. Already French policy in Mittel-Europa has been active, in two complementary ways: first, help to its allies in the Little Entente, mostly financial; second, pressure on the states normally falling in the German orbit, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria.

Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, the allies, have each received a fairly large French loan, though on steep terms, during the present year. Czecho-Slovakia stood the impact of the German crash in mid-July very well. This is partly because that country is easily the most stable and prosperous of the Danubian countries, since it inherited most of the old empire's industry; also because French money came to the rescue of at least two Czech banks in trouble. Rumanian banks have popped recently like corn in the popper, but so far French help has averted disaster.

Again, French efforts have been incessant, both at Geneva and in direct negotiation, to provide some international framework within which the French allies can sell the glut of surplus grain that smothers them. A new French commercial treaty with Jugoslavia gives preference to a limited quantity of Jugoslav wheat—thus stealing German thunder, because the project closely follows the recent German-Rumanian preferential treaty. Even a Franco-Hungarian preference treaty is being arranged. If Hungary ever is to be absorbed into the Little Entente (which might be a good thing), it is these tactics which will do it. Hungary,

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like Rumania and Jugoslavia, lives on its surplus grain. The problem is to make the Czech market big enough and attractive enough to buy it.

Also, French political influence pushed King Alexander to modify the terms of his Jugoslav dictatorship. Something which if looked at a long time under a microscope may be discerned as a constitution has been granted to the Jugoslav people. I do not mean to sneer at this step. Democracy is a dangerous business in the Balkans and the concessions that the king has made to Croat separatism have necessarily to be pretty meager. The motive as far as France is concerned is of course quite clear. For one thing, France likes its allies to be as "democratic" as is reasonably convenient. For another, France would not like to see Jugoslavia disrupted by a Croat revolt in the event of future direct trouble with Germany or Italy.

On the "enemy" side of the fence, French policy is fairly overt. It is to demand political concessions from Austria and Hungary as a price for credits. Austria and Hungary must have these credits. Only France can give them. France has not said that it will not give them. But it has given none of much importance so far. Promises of loans are dangled as bait for complete political submission. In other words, France can keep Austria and Hungary entirely helpless for, if necessary, an indefinite period.

Now it is quite obvious and in fact reasonable that the French are not going to pour gold down the parched and open throats of Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria without adequate political guaranties. You cannot expect France to give Austria a loan unless it is understood that Austria is not going to turn around next moment and jump in the lap of Germany. But did not Austria make adequate political guaranties? Did not Vice-Chancellor Schober give up his projected Austro-German customs union? Even so. But he committed the grave but perhaps unavoidable tactical error at Geneva of forswearing the customs union *before* the Hague court (by an outrageously political decision) declared it to be illegal, and *before* he got the promise of a loan. It had been generally understood that a French loan would be forthcoming as soon as he made his renunciation. He renounced. Then—no loan.

The French reneged. One reason is that the economic crisis is pinching even France and France wants its money, some $2,500,000,000 of it, at home. Another is the fact that Dr. Schober did not renounce the customs union *in perpetuity*. The adverse decision of the Hague court rests largely on the Geneva protocol of 1922, which expires in 1943. Obviously then, the decision of the Hague court serves merely to postpone the possibility of an Austro-German customs union for twelve years. France is not satisfied.

For instance, let me recall the worst days of the Austrian crisis over the failure of the Credit-Anstalt in mid-June. The French proposed terms. If something had not been done, Austria would have had to declare a moratorium that night. A British banker in Vienna heard the French terms. Instantly he telephoned Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England. Norman on his personal responsibility immediately advanced Austria $20,000,000. Now, of course, he wants his money back. And now arise again those formidable French terms. What were they? Eternal renunciation of the customs union. Appointment of a French financial controller in Vienna. Agreement to submit in advance to the Quai d'Orsay all Austrian treaties, commercial as well as political. Obviously, in accepting these terms Austria would practically be sacrificing her sovereignty as a state. But until she does accept them—no loan. Meantime—starvation.

The customs-union project was itself, it is now clear, a maladroit gesture. True, it was the first great attempt in Europe to circumvent the injustices of Versailles. True, it woke Europe sharply from chaotic economic lethargy. True, it was the first concrete step taken by two European Powers to reduce or eliminate tariff barriers. And, true, it might have been Austria's salvation. Austria is a country created by elimination—a head without a body. But even so the customs-union proposal had unhappy results. The Germans now say that it was intended largely as a diplomatic move to strengthen their hand vis-a-vis France, and as an item in domestic policy against the Nazis. If so, it proves once more that German diplomats are trying to pick up pins with boxing gloves. For the customs union, by agitating the political surface of Central Europe, helped to provoke the Credit-Anstalt crisis in Vienna, which was a contributing cause to the withdrawals of credits which produced the German panic. Moreover, the customs union was the direct cause of the defeat of M. Briand for the French presidency, and if he had been in the Elysée, the seventeen days of dreadful haggling between France and the United States over the Hoover moratorium might not have occurred; and it was this haggling as much as any single factor that brought the toppling German structure down.

The situation in Hungary is not quite so overt as in Austria. Count Bethlen resigned after ten years of power rather than be responsible for a small loan to Hungary of which French bankers subscribed a preponderant share. It is not known whether any political conditions were attached. Perhaps none. One should be careful not to paint the tricolor too black. But Bethlen had based his foreign policy on rapprochement with Italy, and he preferred to get out rather than have to superintend a new development in which French influence, if not actual political pressure, would be dominant. However, Count Bethlen behind the scenes is even now more powerful than the new Prime Minister, Count Karolyi, in front of them.

French apologists will deny any new French ambitions for Mittel-Europa by pointing out that so far France has behaved negatively, has *not* taken the present admirable opportunity for purchasing both Austria and Hungary out of hand. And they will point out what is quite obvious: you cannot plead for new credits for Austria and Hungary and at the same time denounce France for providing them, even on stiff terms.

Just the same, the power of French gold has produced a new situation in Central Europe and the Balkans. A year ago, for instance, people talked about a conflict between France and Italy in Southeastern Europe. That conflict no longer exists. France won it, hands down. Italy still has a foothold in Albania, but otherwise its policy of trying to encircle Jugoslavia, France's ally, has almost completely failed. Even Albania started a flirtation recently with Jugoslavia, and had to be "saved" by an interest-free Italian loan. Bulgaria under the new Malinoff Government is moving, so far as one can tell, away from Italy and toward France.

It remains to be seen if the conversations in Berlin be-

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tween Dr. Brüning and Dr. Curtius and M. Laval and M. Briand will have tranquilized the general European situation. If not, French efforts to isolate Germany diplomatically are almost inevitably bound to continue. And scarcely six months ago it was France which seemed isolated! Already, in fact, two new political adjustments are in progress. One is the projected Franco-Soviet non-aggression pact. Russia too wants French credits, but the pact has been held up so far because Russia, in loyalty to Germany, refuses to include Poland, as France wants, in its terms. Russia cannot afford to lose German friendship by guaranteeing the present Polish-German frontier. Second, the perennial negotiations between France and Italy for a naval agreement to complete the London five-Power treaty have again been resumed, this time with some possible chance of success. Such success would be a good thing for the United States and Great Britain. But in a sense it would be another step toward German isolation. Italy too needs money. Only France today can give money. A loan to Italy or a comprehensive treaty in common with a naval agreement might buy off Italian participation in the German program to revise the Treaty of Versailles. Thus from the North Sea to the White to the Black to the Mediterranean—the power of French gold. What it is seeking to purchase is, in effect, perpetuation of the status quo. At the moment it dominates the European scene.

Mr. Justice Brandeis—75 Years Old

By EDWIN W. PATTERSON

THE social philosopher who dies young attains at best but a posthumous recognition. Fortunate indeed is he who can live to see his earlier insights accepted among the enduring ideas of his generation. Mr. Justice Louis D. Brandeis, on his seventy-fifth birthday, is thus to be congratulated. The dreams which he dreamed in the intervals of busy practice, the social schemes on which he labored in legislature and court, are now living institutions or at least living issues.

His insights were prophetic. Twenty years ago, when workmen's compensation was unknown this side of the water, and even public-utility regulation was decried as dangerous radicalism, Mr. Justice Brandeis publicly advocated that unemployment insurance be reckoned among the costs of industry. The principle has been accepted, to a limited extent, in the establishment of private unemployment insurance; and the advocacy of compulsory or governmental unemployment insurance can no longer be treated as an academic gesture. Tomorrow—if a bull market does not again intoxicate us—it may well become a reality. Meanwhile that dependence on unorganized private relief which Mr. Justice Brandeis thought destructive of the worker's freedom is continued by the sporadic distribution of charity funds. To him systematic protection, accorded as a part of the worker's compensation, seemed more likely to build the kind of society in which we all would like to live.

In 1923 Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a brilliant opinion, attacked the economic soundness of the "present-value" theory of public-utility rate-making, and urged the "prudent-investment" basis. Under the former the rate base fluctuates with the prices of the labor and commodities necessary to replace the company's properties. Under the latter it would remain constant, save for improvements, throughout the life of the property. It is true that the "prudent-investment" theory was advanced as a dissenting opinion, and in 1929 (the O'Fallon case) it was still a dissent. Yet it has won able advocates, and the present depression serves to emphasize the stabilizing effects on the industry which would be produced by a constant rate base. Here are major issues of the day on which Mr. Brandeis has spoken with profound insight.

It is not surprising that the march of events would begin to catch up with Mr. Brandeis's radicalism of twenty years ago, for the truth is that he never was a radical. His social philosophy stems from Jeffersonian democracy and nineteenth-century liberalism. He has transmuted the values of these cults into twentieth-century liberalism. He has stripped liberty of its eighteenth-century "natural rights" incubus and has filled its nineteenth-century shell with a content of economic freedom. To be free the citizen needs—more than a ballot—a job, a minimum standard of living, a little savings and a little insurance, a sense of security. The law is an instrument of social control to be used in conserving these values.

Before he went on the Supreme Court bench in 1916, he had obtained the establishment in Massachusetts of savings-bank life insurance, which offered the small policy-holder a better return on his money than would ordinary industrial insurance. The plan is still successfully in operation and its usefulness is limited only by the number who will use it. Of Mr. Brandeis's labors for labor much, perhaps too much, has already been said. If he dissented from limitations placed upon the union's weapons, the strike and the boycott, it was because he felt the battle was to the strong and the law should not step in where it could not divide the spoils. That he never supported or encouraged acts of violence or tyranny by labor unions need scarcely be said. His gentler ministration to the working class is represented by the learning and industry which he lavished upon the now famous brief supporting the abolition of night work for women in factories. He has worked for labor because of a passionate belief in economic and social democracy.

By the same token he has been the defender of the small merchant or manufacturer. These, too, must have freedom, legally protected from the predatory barons of industry. To this end he has favored a strict control, by the Federal Trade Commission, over competitive methods such as "full-line forcing," which tend to crush the smaller rival. At the same time he has sought to uphold the legality of trade associations composed of small and independent manufacturers designed to fix the rules of competition between them. Although his judicial opinions have always been tempered by an unassuming objectivity, one can perceive in them the same preference for technologists over financiers which characterized his earlier utterances. In his exercise of the

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judicial function this becomes tolerance for social institutions, legal or non-legal, which tend to protect the independent unit of enterprise.

His pronouncements on civil liberty are too well known to need extended comment. Freedom to speak he regards as a precious constitutional heritage, so precious that we had better be tolerant toward arguments that we loathe than run the risk of damaging this instrument of orderly social change. Here is a faith in the ultimate sanity of the common man as fine as that of Jefferson or Lincoln. Here, too, is an evaluation of civil liberty as an end in itself, a form of individual self-expression. If Mr. Justice Brandeis has not, in his public utterances, gone beyond liberty into the cultural implications of leisure, it may be because he has devoted his own liberty—gained in part through a highly successful law practice—chiefly to politico-social forms of expression.

One may venture the prediction that, when the tumult and the shouting over unemployment insurance or trusts or public-utility economics have died away, Mr. Justice Brandeis's memory will rest most securely on his work as a jurist. He is no philosopher of vague generalities any more than he is a flouter of judicial technique. Without reading a series of his calm humorless opinions, without being aware of the analytic scalpel with which he cuts into a complex situation, without observing how skilfully he marshals his data into the straight road of legal concepts, one cannot know what a remarkable jurist he is. His mastery of the traditional judicial method would alone give him rank among the great judges of the Supreme Court.

His opinions on questions of constitutionality explore many diverse phases of American civilization. The regulation of interstate railroads, of the weight of a loaf of bread, of maritime employers' liability, of steamship-ticket brokers, the rights of news services in news, the taxation of mortgages and of stock dividends—these by no means exhaust the list. To the undramatic problems of the humble citizen, as in the case of the maximum-bread-loaf law, he devotes the same untiring, dispassionate zeal for facts that he expends on the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Justice Brandeis, on his seventy-fifth birthday, is still, intellectually, the outstanding social engineer of liberalism.

Japan Defies the Imperialists

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

JAPAN cannot understand the widespread outcry from the Western world against its present occupation of Manchuria. Is it not entirely ethical and logical (the Japanese must be thinking) to defend one's interests in foreign lands? Was it not a President of the United States—Calvin Coolidge—who said that the property and person of a country's citizens are "part of the national domain even when abroad"? Has not the United States scores of times given meaning to this principle by intervening in Central America and the Caribbean area? Do not other Powers follow the same principle? Or are the British, for example, planning to construct a gigantic naval base at Singapore merely to give their sailors and artisans employment? Furthermore, was the action of the European Powers in helping themselves to slices of China in 1898, or that of the United States in annexing the Philippines and Porto Rico about the same time, or that of Russia in occupying Manchuria in 1900, less aggressive and imperialistic than the recent intervention of Japan in Manchuria? And what of the division of the World War spoils, in particular the splitting up of the German colonies among the victors? (Japan, it must be remembered, had to give up its share of the booty at the Washington conference.)

The Japanese could ask, and indeed are asking, many questions like these. The Tokio government has stated frankly, and with at least an outward show of sincerity, that in occupying Manchuria it intends to give to its interests and to the lives and property of its nationals only that definite measure of military protection any other first-rate Power would provide under similar circumstances. It has added with equal clarity that it has no territorial or political designs upon Manchuria. We may, of course, suspect Tokio of an ulterior motive, but we must not forget that Washington has put forward precisely the same explanation whenever it has found it expedient to send marines into Nicaragua or Haiti or Cuba.

There is no desire here to condone the aggression of the Japanese. They have been marching brazenly down the road of imperialism since 1894. On the other hand, neither the public, though it once took a different view, nor the responsible civilian officials of the Wakatsuki Government can wholly be blamed for the militaristic misadventures that have dragged Japan into the present Manchurian controversy. It has been fairly well established by now that this was the work of the leaders of the militarist clans (the Choshu, representing the army, and the Satsuma, representing the navy) who control the armed forces of the country, and the army and navy ministries as well, and who are responsible neither to the government nor to the parliament, but only to the throne. True, public opinion did support with violent demonstrations the earlier imperialism of Japan. There were riots in Tokio when the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth were published, and further serious disturbances in 1913 when Japanese lives were taken in the revolutionary fighting about Nanking. But in more recent years public opinion has been swinging in the other direction. The slow change in sentiment may be attributed to the senseless and costly occupation of large sections of Siberia by Japanese troops after the collapse of the Russian empire, which aroused almost universal resentment among the Japanese people, to the sympathy of the lower classes for the national aspirations of the Chinese, and to the democratization of Japan resulting from the extension in 1925 of the right of suffrage to all adult male citizens.

Again, if we may judge by its past record, the Wakatsuki Cabinet was probably anxious to bring about an adjustment, satisfactory to both the Chinese and the moderates of Japan, of the Manchurian dispute suddenly thrust upon it

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by the militarists. There is perhaps no one in the Far East who knows as well as Foreign Minister Shidehara what Japan's defiance of the League and the Kellogg Pact means to the peace machinery of the world. But the government's position was admittedly difficult. It could not ignore the realities of the situation, the imperialistic course to which previous governments had committed it, or the *fait accompli* with which it was confronted by the militarists in the capture of Mukden. Even then it might have saved a great deal from the wreckage had it been in a position to convince the public that the efforts of Washington and Geneva to resolve the controversy were sincere and disinterested. But the imperialist Powers which intervened in the Sino-Japanese quarrel in the name of world peace came into court with unclean hands, and that fact was not lost sight of by the Japanese public. Japan had not forgotten that thirty years ago these same Powers (though here we must except the United States) were seeking to carve up China with the one hand while holding back the Japanese with the other, and that only ten years ago the Western Powers (this time including the United States) had given their blessing to the 1915 treaties, the logical consequences of which they were now condemning.

The Japanese had learned something of modern economic imperialism early in the nineteenth century, first from the Dutch colonists in the East Indies and from the Russians, with whom they quarreled over trade rights in Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands, and later from Commodore Perry, who, supported by four naval vessels and 560 armed men, entered Uraga harbor on July 8, 1853, to offer Japan a commercial treaty with the United States. But their first disagreeable contact with the international imperialists did not come until after the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95. By the terms of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which ended the war, China ceded to Japan the Pescadores Islands, Formosa, and the Liaotung peninsula in Manchuria. Here Japan's interests clashed with those of Russia, which had marked out the whole of Manchuria as its special sphere of influence. France, Germany, and Russia made representations to the Tokio government, declaring that Japan's retention of the Liaotung peninsula would constitute a menace to the peace of the Far East. Japan agreed to return the territory upon payment of an additional indemnity by the Chinese. Russia promptly got busy, borrowed the money to help China meet the increased indemnity, persuaded Peking to enter into a secret alliance directed against Japan and to allow Russian capital to build a railway across North Manchuria to Vladivostok (the present Chinese Eastern Railway), and then, in 1898, openly negotiated a convention with China whereby Russia was given a twenty-five-year lease ("for the purpose of insuring that the Russian naval forces shall possess an entirely secure base on the littoral of northern China") covering the very territory that the European Powers had in 1895 compelled Japan to surrender. It did not escape the Japanese that the Russian naval base at Port Arthur pointed directly at the islands of Japan. In the same year, 1898, Germany, Great Britain, and France as well acquired leased territories in strategic corners of China, while in 1899 the Russians obtained from Great Britain a qualified recognition of their special interests in Manchuria, to which was added in the following year a statement from the German government indicating that Berlin would not challenge Russia's position.

Thus the maneuvering of the European Powers placed Russia in apparently permanent possession of a strip of Chinese territory that was not only coveted by Japan, but which the Japanese considered a direct threat to their national security so long as it remained in the hands of a rival Power. But this did not satisfy the Russians, and they made the fatal mistake of overreaching themselves in their imperialistic greed. Under the cover of the confusion attending the Boxer uprising, Russian troops occupied the whole of Manchuria. Japan protested with much heat, charging Russia with having violated the "open-door" principle which had just been enunciated by the American Secretary of State, John Hay, in the hope of stopping the partition of China. The United States joined in the protest to protect the "open door," and Great Britain followed, ostensibly for the same purpose but actually for quite another reason. Russia and England had for almost a century been engaged in an intense imperialist war over Asia, and the British were alarmed by this latest Russian aggression. To check St. Petersburg, the British flew into the arms of the Japanese, signed with them the treaty of January 30, 1902, which became the basis of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and so made Japan, against whom the imperialists had combined only a few years before, a partner in the future execution of British imperialist policy in Asia. Eventually St. Petersburg agreed to withdraw its troops from Russia, but failed to do so within the time limit that had been set. The Russo-Japanese War then became unavoidable.

Having quickly and soundly defeated Russia, a first-rate European Power, Japan was at once admitted into that select circle of states whose influence and position must be considered in any international decisions affecting the interests of smaller or weaker countries. In brief, Japan had become an imperialist Power in its own right. The Treaty of Portsmouth transferred Russia's lease of the Liaotung peninsula to Tokio, gave Japan the southern half of the island of Sakhalin, and also control over the southern section of the Manchurian railway, together with all the mining and similar privileges incorporated in the Russo-Chinese railway agreement. In addition, the British hastened to strengthen their alliance with Japan, China formally confirmed the transfer of Russian rights in Manchuria to the Japanese, and the Powers reduced their legations in Seoul to consulates in recognition of Japan's special position in Korea. But the Japanese were still suspicious. They felt that the Treaty of Portsmouth had been forced upon them, and they were particularly resentful of the fact that the Western Powers had not compelled Russia to pay through the nose by indemnifying Japan for its heavy material losses in the war. But not daring to undermine the international prestige they had suddenly acquired, or to endanger their new holdings in Manchuria, they acquiesced in the terms of the peace treaty.

Thereafter, until 1921, the imperialist Powers left Japan to shift for itself in the Far East, although there were a few annoyances against which the Japanese protested most vigorously. These included the exclusion of Japanese immigration from the United States and the proposal of Secretary of State Philander C. Knox to internationalize the Manchurian railways (in the interest of peace, of course). The attitude of the bankers in New York, London, and Paris also annoyed the Japanese, but there is no record of a protest in this connection. The South Manchuria Railway

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needed to borrow money for expansion and operating purposes, but the international bankers intimated that the railway was not a good credit risk. Under the agreement between Russia and China taken over by the Japanese, the Chinese were privileged to buy back the railway after thirty-six years, or in 1938, and, more important, the lease on the Liaotung peninsula (at the tip of South Manchuria) was to expire in 1923. The bankers were afraid that the railway would fall into the hands of the Chinese before the loans could be repaid. Japan found a way out in 1915 when the Western Powers were engaged in the greatest of all imperialist wars. China was forced to accept the treaties based upon the Twenty-one Demands, which, while extending Japan's control over Manchuria and Shantung, also extended the lease on the Kwantung area (the Liaotung peninsula) to the year 1997, and Japanese rights in the South Manchuria Railway to the year 2002, and that was the principal thing.

At the Washington conference in 1921-22 Japan came once more into open conflict with the international imperialists. It was compelled to divest itself of most of the gains of the 1915 conquest, and to promise by inference that it would reform its behavior toward China, but the treaties affecting the Kwantung lease and the South Manchuria Railway came through the Washington debates untouched. When the good friends of China brought up the subject, accusing the Japanese of having compelled China to accept the treaties under duress, the Japanese delegation calmly replied that "if it should once be recognized that rights solemnly granted by treaty may be revoked at any time on the ground that they were conceded against the spontaneous will of the grantor, an exceedingly dangerous precedent will be established, with far-reaching consequences upon the stability of the existing international relations in Asia, in Europe, and elsewhere." The Washington conference was really an assemblage of the World War victors, and they, remembering the circumstances under which Germany less than three years before had been required to accept the terms of the sacred Versailles treaty, quietly agreed that the Japanese were right. But having thus confirmed the validity of the treaties, the imperialist Powers are now in effect denying Japan the right to defend them against what it insists are violations of these treaties by the Chinese.

Schnitzler: A Man Who Loved Life

By OTTO P. SCHINNERER

THE sudden death of Arthur Schnitzler on October 21 came as a shock of surprise to his many friends and eager readers throughout the world. He had an actual dread of death. It was not ordinary fear, as he explained, or the kind of fright he once experienced in an aeroplane when it suddenly dropped into an air pocket. His dread of death was due to his intense love of life. Apart from his many artistic and intellectual interests and human contacts he took delight in even the simplest pleasures life had to offer, the color and odor of a flower, the taste of well-prepared food, the feel of a gorgeous dressing gown, or a walk out in the open country. It seemed monstrous and incomprehensible to him that some day all this should cease. Although he had almost attained the Biblical span of seventy, he might reasonably have been expected to continue to live for a number of years. With the growing insecurity of life and happiness in Central Europe, however, and with insistent worries of a personal sort, he would have faced trying times which he will now be spared.

To the average reader Schnitzler was an almost legendary figure so far as his own person was concerned. Very little was known about him beyond the fact that he was of Jewish extraction, that he had studied, and for a time practiced, medicine, and had then devoted himself to literature. A long series of plays and novelettes, exquisitely embodying the Viennese spirit and delicately and subtly analyzing and portraying the human soul, bore witness to his exceptional ability and his high artistic standards.

During his lifetime Schnitzler resented any publicity regarding himself as an unwarranted invasion of his personal life. That was entirely his private affair, he felt. Nevertheless, in his kindness of heart he occasionally submitted to interviews, only to be deeply incensed at misquotations and blatant errors of fact. In recent years he more and more acquired the habit of categorically refusing to be interviewed. Only a month before his death he wrote a long letter to a Berlin monthly and a prominent Viennese daily, protesting against an alleged interview with him on his attitude toward the Semitic question, which was given publicity in European and some American papers. He wished to make it clear once and for all that he did not give interviews, that even remarks attributed to him as having been made in private conversation could be considered authentic only when confirmed by his signature, and that he must decline responsibility for every single word and sentence in such accounts.

This desire for privacy manifested itself also on occasions when he appeared in public restaurants and hotels in Vienna or the Austrian mountain resorts. Small of stature and with his striking head and beard, he was easily recognized. Naturally people often stared at him, and this, instead of flattering him, only annoyed him; it was a bad habit, he said, to which Americans were much less given than Europeans. When the present writer once commented to him on the inconvenience to which a famous man is exposed and said that he would personally rather live in obscurity, he smiled and related an anecdote about Sudermann. Because his big black beard always revealed his identity and universally attracted attention in Berlin, Sudermann decided to retire to a small town where he could live anonymously. But when no one there ever greeted him, he felt displeased and returned to Berlin.

Closely related to his abhorrence of personal publicity was Schnitzler's utter lack of vanity. There have been perhaps few authors who were less susceptible to flattery of any kind. Not that he made no demands upon the world. On the contrary, he wanted to reap all the material rewards he could and was most insistent on his rights. An author had to make so many sacrifices, he felt, and be deprived of

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so many normal pleasures that in return he was at least entitled to all the material comforts of life which the proceeds from his work would enable him to obtain. The reason an author wrote was partly the personal satisfaction he derived from thus expressing himself, but also the desire to gain a comfortable income.

Despite his lack of vanity, either literary or personal, he took great pains to preserve the records of his life. If they are not scattered or destroyed they will form one of the fullest documentations of a writer's life we have had. There are vast quantities of unpublished material in his home. Not only is the record of his literary creation available in hundreds of plans, fragments, earlier versions, and completed unpublished works, but there is a tremendous storehouse of biographical data. In addition to an autobiography covering approximately the first twenty-five years of his life, a record and interpretation of his dreams, an enormous collection of correspondence, he kept a diary for about the last forty years of his life. This diary, to be sure, is not to be published for fifty years, but Schnitzler did not consider it impossible that it might some day be considered more valuable than his works. How much importance he attached to it is evident from the fact that he kept it in a box in a bank. Finally there is a large amount of secondary source material —first editions of his books, the various translations of them, periodicals and papers in which contributions by him appeared, and a huge collection of magazine and newspaper clippings, carefully classified and filed. Some generous benefactor could do a valuable service, not only for the memory of Schnitzler but for mankind, by providing a sum of money sufficient to purchase and endow the home and its collections as a permanent Schnitzler House.

There are several reasons why Schnitzler was so greatly interested in ordering and preserving his literary possessions. First, he was systematic to the point of pedantry. It gave him an uneasy feeling when everything was not in its right place. On one occasion, when he showed the writer his collection of clippings, he discovered to his great amazement a tiny vest-pocket notebook which contained brief notes for his "Professor Bernhardi," dating back about twenty years. He seemed deeply perturbed and could not explain how it got there. The chief reason, however, that he took so conscientious an interest in his literary remains was a deep sense of responsibility which he not only manifested in all his acts and thoughts relating to his contemporaries, but in this case also felt for posterity. There might some day be some persons still unborn who would come to appreciate him and be like personal friends to him, and to them he owed a debt. Also, he stated that when looking over some of his earlier unpublished manuscripts which were still relatively crude, he often experienced a feeling of shame and felt tempted to destroy or at least revise them, but that he was deterred from doing so. It would have been dishonest in his opinion.

In recent years, especially after the tragic suicide of his daughter, from the shock of which he never entirely recovered, he lived in semi-retirement. He avoided public affairs as much as possible. His hearing was somewhat impaired, although he took pains to conceal it. He was simply bored and irritated to exchange commonplaces in large gatherings. He preferred small intimate circles. He still occasionally attended the theater and the opera and was quite fond of the motion pictures, where his defective hearing was less of a hindrance. A number of his own works had been filmed both here and abroad and he would not have been at all adverse to writing directly for the films had he been able to market his scenarios.

He was by no means a recluse, nor did he have much spare time on his hands. Scarcely a day went by that he did not have callers or guests for dinner. He had an enormous correspondence, which he always disposed of promptly. In a few hours he would answer a stack of letters for which some other authors would require weeks or months. He personally conducted most of the negotiations concerning translations, theatrical productions, and filming of his works. He was most meticulous and finicking in these matters, which consumed a disproportionate amount of his time and more of his energy and nervous strength. To the very last he took an active part in the production of his plays by coaching the actors at rehearsals, as he did last winter when the performance of his play "Der Gang zum Weiher" in the Burgtheater was perhaps the most notable event of the theatrical season in Vienna. One marvels how he still found time for literary creation.

During the summer he usually left Vienna, spending a month or two in Austrian or Swiss resorts. He went swimming and walking, enjoying himself to the utmost. But he was generally glad to return to the comforts of his own home, which he had occupied for the past twenty years. Here he could obtain the deliciously prepared Viennese food which he valued so highly. There was always wine on his table, but he seldom took more than a sip. His objection to drinking more was characteristic of the man. It was not for moral reasons or considerations of health, but he did not wish to have his senses benumbed in the slightest degree; he wanted to be in full possession of his consciousness at all times. His love of life even affected his attitude toward sleep. He was disinclined to take afternoon naps, for, as he said, quoting from his own works, he did not want to make any advance payments to death.

In the Driftway

IN the course of his long wanderings the Drifter not unnaturally ran across Thomas A. Edison on more than one occasion. The last time he called upon him he found him so deaf that communication had to be by means of a pad and pencil, but the kindliness of the man was in evidence then as always. Down to his last day there was something childlike and charming about him. He had, too, the inventor's belief in the complete success of each and every invention. Thus, a few years ago, he offered to a friend of the Drifter's a ground-floor participation in the completed storage battery. Mr. Edison was certain that he had sounded the death-knell of the gasoline automobile, and no one could have shaken his faith in that idea. The Drifter's own most precious recollection of Mr. Edison is his taking Von Helmholtz, the great German physicist, out to West Orange to introduce him to the Wizard, and act as interpreter. Nothing could have been more striking than the difference between these two men—one the finished product of the universities and laboratories of the Continent, the discoverer who accomplished all that he achieved by scientific means

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from a completely scientific background; the other a self-made American inventor with so little schooling to his credit that in Europe men would have believed him absolutely unfitted either to invent anything of importance or, indeed, to deal with science. They met as equals; their mutual respect was obvious and moving; they were on warm terms of friendship at once. The Drifter remembers how both of these great men looked at the latest funnel for the phonograph, which at that time still depended upon this form of amplifier. "We know nothing whatever about this," said Edison, "why it is that like the megaphone it increases the volume of the sound." The great German agreed with a nod.

* * * * *

SEVERAL stories of Mr. Edison's earlier life have stuck in the Drifter's memory. He remembers how Mr. Edison proposed to his first wife. He had been courting her in the parlor of a mid-Victorian boarding-house and there seemed to be no other place where they could meet. Again and again Edison came only to find the parlor full of the other boarders. Finally in despair he drew a quarter from his pocket and ticked off in Morse code the sentiments which his ardor would no longer let him withhold. The first Mrs. Edison, so the story runs, was also a telegrapher. She reached forward, took the quarter from Mr. Edison's hand, and ticked the desired answer upon the marble-topped table between them. It was not so long after that a friend, entering Edison's attic room one morning, found him strangely well got up, but wandering up and down his room in more than the usual blue study. He asked Edison what it was all about. Edison replied that he was trying to remember. Some minutes later he burst out with: "Oh, yes, I know now, I'm going to be married today."

* * * * *

THERE are several versions of the next story. The Drifter likes this one best, and gives it in the words of a friend to whom Mr. Edison told it. Edison sold his first invention for $25,000. Being given an order upon the cashier of the Western Union Telegraph Company for that amount, he astounded that worthy official by asking for it in five- and ten-dollar bills. It took every pocket that he had to dispose of the bundles, and still they came. So he tightened his belt and put the surplus inside his shirt. The next morning when the cashier arrived at his post he found Edison sitting at the door. "What can I do for you, Mr. Edison?" "Take this money away from me. I put it under the mattress last night, but I could not sleep a wink. What shall I do with it?" The cashier took pity, Edison's first bank account was forthwith established, and he was initiated into the mysteries of a check book—he who until then had never seen more than fifty dollars at a time. Doubtless it was hard for him to draw the first check. In later years he drew many, many checks of far larger amounts, for he was wont to squander millions and millions on inventions that failed, like his device for extracting ore, and his Portland cement works, always in the abiding faith that he was just on the point of a discovery to electrify the world. The Drifter feels that a great colleague was lost in Mr. Edison's absorption in his inventing. Otherwise he was a man to have reveled in drifting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

British Wages

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 14 Maxwell S. Stewart states that in Britain "the labor unions have been strong enough to prevent any adjustment in money wages in spite of a decline in profits." The Ministry of Labor, however, has recorded net reductions in weekly wages since 1921 of well over eleven million pounds sterling. During January-July of this year the same official record (which does not include some of the badly paid trades like the farm worker, domestic servant, and sales clerk, and covers mainly the organized industries) stated that 2,425,000 employees had suffered weekly wage cuts of £312,250.

Turning to real wages and making a comparison over a longer period, G. D. H. Cole, in a careful and conservative estimate based on the same official returns, says that real wage *rates* are little different in 1928 compared with 1914. But short time and unemployment on a large scale reduce earnings seriously. The workers in the export trades, particularly in mining, are well below the pre-war standard. The miner, when he has a job, is making about 36 shillings a week and the average wage in textiles and pottery is nearer to thirty shillings.

There is more concerned here than a correction of fact. The British workers were promised a world fit for heroes as the reward for their war-time sacrifices. Since 1921 they have been bitterly fighting wage cuts. The national strike of 1926 and the election of Labor majorities to Parliament were protective measures. The workers know that the rentier's share of the national income has increased and was increased more by the return to the gold standard in 1925. It is true that in 1928 the British trade-union leaders met the employers in the Mond-Turner conferences to secure industrial peace, but even this was based in part on a hope of linking the industrialist and the organized workers together against the financial interests, and at the last Trades Union Congress the conferences were formally abandoned. The workers are able to show that wage cutting has already been tried and has brought no improvement. If taxation is heavy on the rich, indirect taxation weighs heavily also on the smaller incomes of the poor.

Katonah, N. Y., October 9 MARK STARR

Boston Refuses Bread

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Sunday, October 4, the Reverend Paul Noyes, Congregational minister, of 38 Harding Avenue, Belmont, Massachusetts, with five assistants gave out 500 sandwiches to the unemployed men and women on Boston Common at the Parkman bandstand. Everything was donated and as the sandwiches gave out people willingly bought more.

An account and picture of the meeting were published in the *Globe* and *Post* of the following day, and arrangements were made for another meeting at the bandstand on Sunday, October 11. Mayor Curley of Boston, however, has refused to allow any more sandwiches to be given away on the Common. Instead of the meeting planned to give relief to the unemployed on October 11, there was another meeting by friends of Tom Mooney. During that meeting a donation of coffee and 600 sandwiches arrived at the bandstand for the unemployed. Owing to the decision of the Mayor, however, they had to be sent away.

Boston, October 12 PEARL C. SCOTTRON

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For Cleveland Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to get in touch with *Nation* readers in and around Cleveland with a view to forming a lively discussion group interested in current social and economic problems. Those interested may communicate with me at P. O. Box 507.

Cleveland, October 26 S. L. Davis

Contributors to This Issue

F. J. Schlink, technical director of Consumers' Research, Inc., is coauthor of "Your Money's Worth."

John Gunther is Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Edward W. Patterson is professor of law at Columbia University.

Otto P. Schinnerer spent several summers working with Arthur Schnitzler and wrote the introduction to the latter's "Viennese Novelettes."

Alan Porter is the author of "The Signature of Pain and Other Poems."

John Chamberlain is on the staff of the New York *Times Book Review*.

Henry Bamford Parkes is an English writer now living in the United States.

Benjamin Ginzburg is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

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THE VANGUARD PRESS

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Finance

France's Stake in a Sound Dollar

SINCE September 20, when Great Britain went off the gold basis, the Federal Reserve banks have "lost" more than $700,000,000 in gold through export and earmarking, of which our shipments to France account for more than $300,000,000. Never before in history has there been such a stupendous movement of the metal across international boundaries. A million dollars in fine gold weighs almost a ton and three-quarters. Actual shortage of cargo space is believed to have limited the export movement at times during recent weeks.

The gold standard was not designed to stand any such procedure. Yet the talk of the United States possibly joining the ranks of nations which cannot pay in gold merely shows how people have taken counsel of their own wild imaginings rather than of statistical fact and economic probability. Various calculations have been made as to the maximum amount of gold which our Reserve banks could lose without violating the legal reserve requirements under which they operate. At the end of September the National City Bank placed this theoretical figure at $2,000,000,000. More recently, Moody's Investment Service calculated the amount of potential free gold at slightly over $1,000,000,000.

But it seems entirely probable that long before those limits are approached, the power of foreigners to command our gold will have been exhausted, from a practical point of view. That power is derived from existing bank balances and the sale of bills and other securities (mostly short-term) on our markets. The question has always been, then, whether these assets outweigh our ability to pay gold on demand, and the answer appears to be a conclusive no. Bankers are inclined to believe that France's available assets here are somewhere between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 instead of the more familiar estimate of $600,000,000. A recent statistical study prepared by Eastman, Dillon and Company, based upon the Commerce Department's compilations of international payments, places the net short-term assets now controlled by foreigners at $564,000,000.

But to assume that gold shipments would continue as long as any foreigner had a dollar which he could convert is to ignore the fact that the world is not yet ready to wipe out the last vestige of its credit system. Business is still being done between nations—an enormous business by the standards of a generation ago—and money must be borrowed and lent and maintained abroad to finance trade. Except for one recent month, American exports have continued to exceed imports, and the amount of the excess creates foreign balances that may be used to draw back gold, to the extent that this excess is not offset by "invisible" items.

Furthermore, the rather widely held concept of France as a ruthless tyrant of the gold markets, drawing the metal away from other countries to serve her own political ends, fails to take into account the fact that France has balances in other centers than New York, and that a reckless pulling down of foreign currencies would merely add to the substantial losses which the French have already sustained through shrinkage of foreign assets, "frozen" credits abroad, and depreciated exchange rates. The dream of dominating a financially ruined world, if it has found expression in the popular French press, has probably been a nightmare in Paris banking rooms. M. Laval means it when he joins President Hoover in promising to work for stability in the foreign exchanges.

S. Palmer Harman

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Books, Drama, Films

The Dry Heart

By ALAN PORTER

When the sun passed, who poured around
Comfort over the barren ground,
At whose divine and peaceable gaze
Earth flowered in beauty and shone with praise,
When death had stolen the brave sun
The land was bitterly alone.

And I can swear—for it is I
Whose blooms unseasonably die,
Whose garth is perishing with frost,
Whose ancient, loving sun is lost—
I swear the sun is blood-bereft
And weeps for the dear land he left.

I saw the phantom of the sun,
The white, the cold, the miserable,
The empty phantom of the sun.
This phantom, evil and malign,
The husk and absence of the sun,
The accurst and the inconstant moon,
Told me a glozing and a lie.

This phantom told me that the sun
Was never wedded to my soil
But spread an equal and bright love
On other lands; and other lands
Flower in the sun and laugh with flowers.

I know this fable is a lie.
The round and miserable disk,
The empty moon is the sun's ghost:
The sun is dead.
I see it like a heart grown dry:
The sun is dead.
If it is cold in this gray land
And if the moon above is cold,
If all the Arctic of the sky
Looks down on the Antarctic earth,
I know the sun himself is dead
And nothing of the ancient warmth
Stirs in the dying universe.

The Buried Renaissance

The Brown Decades. A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

OF all the historians of our national culture, Lewis Mumford is in many ways the best equipped. He is informed, careful, and scholarly; the range of his interests and knowledge is remarkably wide; his criticisms are always shrewd, and illuminating even when not entirely just, for behind them lies not only a well-considered philosophy of criticism, but a remarkably well-articulated philosophy of life. His style, too, is a worthy medium for his thought. While it lacks a certain gusto and spontaneity, and gives the impression of being somewhat too premeditated, and while, in spite of this, there are some unfortunate slips in it (I encountered no fewer than four sentences in the present volume, for example, in which the predicates do not agree with their subjects), it is in general smooth, deftly woven, and genuinely distinguished.

Mr. Mumford now returns to a closer examination of the period which he treated more briefly in "Sticks and Stones" and "The Golden Day" under such titles as The Gilded Age and The Pragmatic Acquiescence—the period which runs, roughly, from 1865 to 1895. He has renamed it, most appropriately, "The Brown Decades," and he has modified his view of it perhaps more than he has modified his title. At least he has greatly changed his emphasis. For this is a record, not of those figures which the age itself regarded as its dominant ones, but of the men and women who quietly fulfilled themselves beneath its crass and often grotesque surface, the admirable architects, engineers, landscape designers, painters, that the age itself underrated or ignored.

After a brief reference to the literary men and women who did not reflect the dominant ideas and interests of their period—to Emily Dickinson, Charles Sanders Peirce, Henry George, Edward Bellamy—Mr. Mumford turns to the non-literary artists with whom he is here mainly concerned—to Frederick Law Olmsted, who not only planned and built Central Park, but recognized all the related elements in a full park program and a comprehensive city development; to John A. Roebling and his son Washington, who conceived the Brooklyn Bridge and brought it to completion; to H. H. Richardson, who began as a "romantic" architect but came more and more to conceive his problems in terms of the inherent nature of the building itself and its relation to society; to John Wellborn Root, who in his stripped, austere design for the Monadnock Building brought the tendencies of Richardson to their logical goal; to Louis Sullivan, designer of the Auditorium Building and of the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, and the great propagandist for the "new architecture," who saw that the whole problem of building must be thought out afresh, and that the solution must be of such a nature that it would apply to every manner of structure, from the home to the factory; to Frank Lloyd Wright, who brought Sullivan's best ideas to actual expression more completely and convincingly than did Sullivan himself, and in whose work "modern architecture in America was born"; and, to make an end, to such painters as Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder, the importance of whose work, particularly as compared with such lionized contemporaries as Whistler and Sargent, is only beginning to be recognized. Mr. Mumford's estimates of all these figures are acute and balanced. One is grateful to him, also, for such incidental rediscoveries as the architectural criticism of Montgomery Schuyler, which seems to have anticipated all that is sound in the somewhat hysterical polemics of Le Corbusier.

Yet "The Brown Decades" as a whole does not quite live up to its broad subtitle, "A Study of the Arts in America, 1865-1895." There is no mention at all, for example, of music, though such well-known composers as MacDowell, de Koven, and Victor Herbert were all active in the period covered, and though Mr. Mumford, in commenting on such figures as Stieglitz, Marin, and Georgia O'Keeffe, brings his treatment of the graphic arts virtually down to the present. Moreover, in attempting to do justice to the neglected figures who created what he once referred to as "the buried renaissance," Mr. Mumford has himself neglected the accepted figures of that age, who were not necessarily unimportant because they were acclaimed by their contemporaries. This, of course, can be considered a fault only if one is looking for a picture of the age

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that is at once complete and independent. Given Mr. Mumford's main intention, however—to place the whole sum of achievement of the Brown Decades in a better perspective—his principle of selection is quite justified. Moreover, he fulfils in the present volume what is perhaps the primary function of the critic, who must be first of all not a fault-finder but a virtue-finder. From this standpoint, the present book, in spite of its narrower scope, has a quality somewhat lacking in "The Golden Day." That admirable essay was marred not only by too neat a schematism, but by a certain condescension and lack of generosity, particularly in treating such figures as Mark Twain and William James, a lack of generosity which Mr. Mumford is himself apparently coming to recognize. "Every mind," as he points out now, "has a right to be known by its soundest and maturest expression."

HENRY HAZLITT

Eros in America

A Calendar of Sin. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. Two volumes. $5.

NOW that Willa Cather has turned her back on anything likely to prove disturbing, Evelyn Scott emerges as perhaps our most important woman novelist. Her defects are many and exasperating: an idiom which oscillates between the strained and the banal; an inability to select and condense; a tendency to over-rapid composition. In short, she is not a first-rate artist. But she is something just as interesting—a *fearless* one. There is a convention, still flourishing in England and America, that the woman writer should deal with details rather than with wholes and prefer the touching to the tragic. To this convention Evelyn Scott is blind. As readers of that remarkable novel "The Wave" will agree, her eye turns naturally to whatever bulks large and serious in American life. The keynote of her work is courage, a sober willingness to follow wherever the intelligence may lead. For this reason alone "A Calendar of Sin," unwieldy and diffuse as it is, enlarges the imagination far more powerfully than an idyll of evasion like "Shadows on the Rock."

If not a great book, it has at any rate a great subject—the failure of American love, one of the basic tragedies underlying the national career. To get at the tangled roots of this tragedy the author goes back to the Reconstruction era and compresses into her narrative the broken lives of five generations. That perspective errs which views the collapse of marriage and the tumultuous uncertainty of our sexual conduct as peculiar to our own day. The causes of our erotic bankruptcy, like those of our industrial bankruptcy, lie deep in our history, though they are by no means so easy to disentangle. Similar in their contours, the records of these two failures exhibit the same features of horror, ugliness, bondage, and defeat. In one case the end-product is a paralyzing economic imperialism; in the other—Reno and tabloid murders.

One or two of the characters in "A Calendar of Sin," by a violent suppression of desire, achieve a pathetic, autumnal resignation. One or two evade the issue by fake spiritual wallowing—or by lunacy. The others live out their erotic lives in pain, misunderstanding, and self-deception. Not one individual really gets anything out of love. John Dolan, who devotes his life to making money that he may satisfy his wife's insane whims, attains his final insight into passion by identifying it with disaster—"the curse of all of us . . . the crime of loving someone." Only one of them, old Edwin George, who has sacrificed his high natural intelligence to the grimmest of the gods—the Lares and Penates—has the courage even to imagine the beautiful satisfactions of lust. At the end of his meaningless career, as he buys a wedding trousseau for his daughter, his heart finally unburdens itself, saying: "I bequeath to my youngest daughter, Laura Josephine, a hatred of all shams—including those by which I've had to live—and, out of the literal poverty in which I die, intelligence, a love of love—*all to the glory of the flesh!*"

What lies at the root of these tragedies? The lives of these men and women would seem to answer, a hysterical overvaluation of the emotion of sex. Particularly during the period which this book covers—that of our industrial expansion—the middle class discovered very few of the many normal outlets of emotional expression. Both the men and the women remained emotional juveniles. The males exhausted their energies in a mad economic battle; the females throttled theirs in an attempt at upholding the genteel cultural tradition which their husbands, excusably enough, had no time for. This general emotional starvation resulted in a deifying of the women as the conserver of the national idealism. This, in a way, was intended to compensate for the morally shabby life an industrial pioneer was forced to lead, as far as business was concerned. Also, in the course of a busy life, it became much easier to enshrine women than to understand them. It saved thought and therefore time. The first romantic experience, as a corollary, was overemphasized. It was received by most women and by many men as a sort of revelation of divinity—pleasanter if accompanied by carnal satisfaction, but not to be questioned if it were not. Calf love was taken with utter seriousness—most of the marriages in "A Calendar of Sin" are terribly premature unions—and marriages that should have been dissolved within a twelvemonth were religiously maintained by both parties, even though in so doing they suffered the agonies of the damned. Particularly in the South (most of Mrs. Scott's people are Southerners) where the puritan outlook was reinforced by the chivalric tradition, erotic disaster was inevitable. The morbid canalization of an emotion which is normally mobile and capable of growth and alteration resulted either in self-delusion, frequently to the point of mania, or in stoically accepted misery. And for those doomed ones whose bodies were too much for them, the only way out lay through the red door of violence. Therefore the subtitle of the book—"American Melodramas." Murder, rape, self-mutilation, sadism, and suicide were the necessary products of any society which systematically distorted its erotic energies, confused them with spiritual nostalgias, or brutally sublimated them in the market place.

The final form which this mad sexual conflict assumed was the invisible matriarchate under which we now live. This had its first real development, as the pages of "A Calendar of Sin" show us, in the latter half of the nineteenth century during the era of feverish industrial expansion. The bourgeois, impotent to achieve a mature sexual adjustment to his woman, idealized her. Thus a seemingly significant relationship was established. The diffuse emotion it generated was useful in that it blinded him to the emptiness of his own emotional and economic life. As sophistication increased, this idealization became more difficult. But there still remained the necessity to relate the female somehow to the male career. Accordingly, a connection was made between the bourgeois's economic activity—his nearest approach to a real existence—and his perverted romantic idealism. The woman now became somebody not to adore but to *work for.* She developed into a sufficient reason for an otherwise meaningless technique of money-making. And in terms of this sufficient reason it is quite possible to interpret much of our apparently unique industrial energy and therefore of the history of the nation in general.

All these knotty and tragic problems achieve concrete meaning, if not complete clarity, in the course of Mrs. Scott's 1,400 pages. No one else has had the courage, or indeed the knowledge, even to attempt them in the form of fiction. It is an

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immense and important job and it is all the more regrettable, therefore, that the author has not tackled it supremely well. Had a competent editor worked painstakingly with her over this enormous welter of prose, a great novel might have resulted. It would have been reduced by half. Irrelevant episodes—such as the perfectly fantastic Wild West folderol about Wilbur George—would have been pitilessly cut away. Chunks of sociology and history would have been refined so that the background emerged unforcedly and unpedantically. And Mrs. Scott's English would have been purged of its unfortunate affectations and its frequent shoddiness.

With all its faults, however, "A Calendar of Sin" towers over most contemporary American fiction. There is no evasion in it, no prettifying, no substitution of style for intelligence. It must be read. CLIFTON FADIMAN

Penrose as Symbol

Power and Glory: The Life of Boies Penrose. By Walter Davenport. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

IN 1912 Theodore Roosevelt went about the country denouncing the "Barneses, the Guggenheims, and the Penroses." Inasmuch as he did not become President by his tactics, he might better have spent his time calling down anathema on bituminous coal, the competitive spirit, Christopher Columbus, the Bessemer process, and Henry Clay Frick. He might better have denounced Joe Murray, who got him his first political job by much the same means that Good Time Buck Devlin employed to send Penrose to the Harrisburg of Matt Quay's dispensation.

For the Penroses, as anyone with even a tinge of the gospel of economic determination can see, were merely the highly visible symbols of something that Roosevelt could never hope to kill without radically changing his philosophy and organizing a group from the ground up. This he never did; he was always willing to accept machine help, and up to the last he was willing to dicker with the Penroses and the Boss Bill Flinns for political preferment. He could not see that Penrose was as much a part of the growth of an economic order as the Carnegie Steel Company or the Knights of Labor—inevitable expressions of actual democracy, the democracy of unequal integers which industrialism breeds. Harold Laski has defined government as a function of the group or groups that are able to make the most effective demands upon it. High tariffs, of which Penrose was the priest, are merely an expression of a "most effective demand." After the retirement of Nelson Aldrich from the Senate, Penrose was chief ambassador of the group able to make the most effective demand at Washington, and all the Sherman anti-trust laws in the world could not nullify that demand.

Mr. Davenport does not consciously see the inevitability of the Penroses, and the inability of the Roosevelts to cope with them. But he has no illusions about the workings of an industrial democracy, and he has the wit to know that Penrose's real foe was not Roosevelt, who could be seduced without realization of it, but La Follette, who controlled, like Penrose, a political machine from the ground up—and a machine dedicated to different demands from those postulated by the Carnegies and the Fricks. Because of this lack of illusion Mr. Davenport conducts no witch hunt; he never condemns the subject of his biography, but is satisfied to expose the workings of Penrosism. And he has a gorgeous time doing it. Penrose, "the last of the great political bosses in America" (as he has been optimistically called), here steps out of the obfuscation which he preferred to monuments, a noble lineage, and a great name. Posterity meant nothing to this gluttonous giant, whose consumption of here-and-now duck and bourbon was Gargantuan; and doubtless he would have scorned the historian as much as he did the "sniveling masochists" (his own phrase) who wanted to read the details of his father's funeral. But whatever his opinion of historians, he might have approved the spirit of Mr. Davenport's portrait, for Penrose was no hypocrite. He employed no public-relations counsel, and he distributed no bright dimes. Quite frankly he believed that the strong should rule, and for the plain people who let themselves be mulcted he had nothing but contempt. Morality, he often said, was a device of the weak to trap the strong. Personally he flouted it, and in this book he displays a mud-lust that would have made the reputation of a dozen serious Satanists. He spit where he pleased, he said what he pleased, he got drunk when and where he pleased, and the good people of Pennsylvania, either through their legislature or by direct vote, sent him to the United States Senate from 1897 until his death in 1921. Only once did his habits boomerang upon him, and that was in 1895, when an enterprising photographer snapped him as he was emerging from a brothel at dawn. Threatened publication of this picture kept him from running for mayor of Philadelphia, his home town. Unfortunately, this was the one position he had set his heart upon.

Was his cynicism, his desire for power merely because it gave his huge frame something to do, a part of the natal Penrose? It would take considerable search of the man's adolescence to determine the truth of the matter. And how much, actually, did the defeat in the mayoralty campaign have to do with the molding of the Penrose of 1920, who was a moving spirit in the Senatorial Soviet that saddled a tired country with the Ohio Gang? Mr. Davenport is unable to tell us.

Yet these facts are needed if we are to understand the inner evolution of a scion of the Penroses and the Biddles into the ward politician writ large. And much more is needed for the perfect Penrose biography. When this perfect book is written, it will include a great deal more than Penrose, who will dominate it merely as a symbol. It will begin with Simon Cameron and Matt Quay, go deep into coal, steel, railroading, and traction, and their impact upon a pastoral democracy, explore such interesting matters as the rise of the Vares, tell us why, around 1912, "bossism" began to lose visibility (it hasn't disappeared), and, in general, be the story in essence of expansive America. Such intimate matters as the Archbold letters, which linked Penrose with Standard Oil, will have to be set forth in detail. Henry Hart thinks the cleverness with which Boies deflected the stream of oil toward Roosevelt the key to Penrose's skill as a politician.

But Mr. Davenport does not pretend to have written anything more than a lively and diverting portrait. And when the perfect Penrose biography is written, Mr. Davenport's garner of anecdote, philosophy, and incident will be the salt to give the greater work its savor. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Gerhardi Confides

Memoirs of a Polyglot. By William Gerhardi. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

MR. GERHARDI was the son of an English cotton manufacturer who had settled in Russia; he was brought up in St. Petersburg, served during the war on the British military mission in Siberia, and with the publication in 1922 of "Futility" graduated into the class of promising younger novelists. His autobiography describes the three phases of his career in about equal proportions, beginning with a fourteen-page discussion of his ancestry and working up to an appropriate and triumphant climax in the shape of a lecture tour in America; it is adorned with eight photographs of the author, illustrating different stages of his meteoric rise.

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In an age of spiritual confusion autobiography is a most useful form of expression, even when the author can only formulate his problems without suggesting any mode of escape. Unfortunately those writers whose confessions would be most valuable are precisely those who find it most distasteful to expose themselves in public; one would sacrifice much to have the autobiography of T. S. Eliot, but we must content ourselves instead with objective statements of his beliefs, beneath which the all-important personal factor is scrupulously hidden. Sick souls will derive little comfort from the memoirs of Mr. Gerhardi. He makes a show of emptying his pockets, and his candor extends so far as to describe the numerous compliments which he has received from well-known personages and the women, equally numerous, with whom he has slept. But the ultimate Gerhardi, if he exists, remains hidden; as he describes himself, he is an adventurer, wholly extroverted, who vastly enjoys the contemplation of other people's eccentricities and his own triumphs; he swallows experience with the gusto and the superficiality of a schoolboy.

This is a very amusing book. The descriptions are vivid; and anyone with the slightest trace of snobbery will enjoy the last two hundred pages, in which we are taken to tea parties and dinner parties with the great. Mr. Gerhardi gives just those little intimate details about H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw and D. H. Lawrence which everyone likes to hear; and he rarely displays malice—though Hugh Kingsmill will hardly be grateful for the statement that he is the original of the philanderer in "Pending Heaven." Most readers, however, will be a little nauseated by Mr. Gerhardi's vanity; and the book confirms the impression made by his last two novels that he has few undeveloped potentialities and is unlikely to improve on "Futility" and "The Polyglots."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Life and Continuity

Life: Outlines of General Biology. By Sir J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes. Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. $15.

IT is a pity that the publishers of this book had so little confidence in the public taste that they set its price at the high figure of $15, and that they did not even bother to print an American edition but imported the pages from England. For here is a work that is deserving of the widest possible sale, a work written for popular understanding without pandering to popular prejudices. Without detracting from the merits of Messrs. Wells and Huxley's "Science of Life," it may be said that this work is far superior to it. Indeed, as far as the reviewer is concerned, he frankly confesses that he finds it difficult to overpraise the book, so ideal are both its conception and its execution.

We know what it is to find an inspiring teacher—not one who scintillates with the false glamor of vaudeville stunts, but one who is exuberant and infectious with the enthusiasm of genuine knowledge. The qualities of such a teacher are difficult to carry over into the printed word. But here we have two mature teachers who are as persuasive in print as they are by word of mouth, and who combine detailed scientific knowledge with a mellow philosophic grasp of the whole.

This philosophic grasp of the whole is particularly necessary in expounding a science so close to man as is biology. If man were not so similar and yet so different from other animals, biological knowledge could be expounded without the danger of half-truths. But as it is, a subtle 'biologism" pervades even the most accurate and the most conscientiously written biological treatises. Messrs. Wells and Huxley have not avoided it. But Messrs. Thomson and Geddes have deliberately set themselves on guard against it. They have incorporated special philosophical sections on the relation of psychological and biological categories and on the place of biology in the human scheme of things—sections which are extremely worth while on their own account, but which serve at the same time to protect the biological truths against unconscious error and false suggestion. And on every specific problem which has relevance to human affairs, the authors have brought to bear a wealth of educational and ethical insight springing from their experience not alone as biologists but as men. A striking case is the treatment of eugenics, which achieves a rare quality of intellectual sanity without loss of enthusiasm for the betterment of the race.

In addition to philosophic balance, the authors have achieved a balanced organization of their scientific subject matter and a style which expresses the content. They have not padded their work with hair-raising tales of the evolutionary adventures of life, but they have kept all their concrete material in line with their systematic principles. On this account nobody will be able to say of the book that it reads like a novel—an insipid compliment which is equivalent to praising a lion for resembling a bird. But the work reads without effort, and at times, when the content allows it, the language rises to great sensual beauty.

The first volume begins with a definition of biology and a preliminary discussion of the characteristics of living organisms, characteristics which open up various lines of inquiry. There follow two long chapters (each a fair-sized book in itself) on ecology, or the interrelations of life and environment, and physiology. Then comes a chapter on reproduction and sex, which is distinctive on several grounds. First of all, the authors have made the subject their own ever since their first joint book on "The Evolution of Sex" in 1889. Secondly, they are peculiarly well qualified to bring together the highly analytic material drawn from so many sources with the aesthetic and romantic qualities that develop not only in the human sexual relationship but in lesser degree at various points on the biological scale. It is in this chapter that the authors develop their case for eugenics, although they return to the theme in a later chapter on Biology in Its Wider Aspects.

The next chapter, dealing with the bio-psychological approach to the phenomena of life, is quite a novelty in a treatise on general biology. Although the central message of biology is the idea of continuity, and continuity or kinship is a twofold relationship, yet most biologists have interpreted the sweep of life in a downward sense alone, always seeking to "reduce" human and mental phenomena to the biological and the biological to the physico-chemical, as if the lower categories were somehow more real, more fundamental than the higher. But to understand, for example, the relationship of instinct and consciousness, it is necessary to trace the kinship in both directions —to realize that instinct is unconscious consciousness and that consciousness is a subtle flowering of instinct. It is to the great credit of Messrs. Thomson and Geddes that they have been faithful to the biological idea of continuity, and that without identifying either the higher with the lower or the lower with the higher, they have stressed the kinship of the conscious and the organic, and the impossibility of explaining either one by the abstract principle of mechanism.

The final chapter of the first volume is devoted to organic form and architecture and prepares the way for the treatment of the developmental and evolutionary aspects of biology which, together with the human and philosophic problems of biology, form the content of the second volume. The chapter on the development of organisms is fascinating in the extreme, and it recounts many facts not ordinarily available, as for example the error in the common interpretation of flowering plants. As regards the chapters on evolution, the fact that one of the

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authors is a neo-Darwinian and the other a neo-Lamarckian has guaranteed an exceptional fairness to both of the rival explanations of the evolutionary process.

We have already mentioned the general sense of the philosophic and humanistic chapters. Space forbids us to discuss them at greater length, except to say that there is a veritable treatise of sociology (drawn evidently from the ideas of Geddes) to be found in the two final chapters of the work.

A book like "Life: Outlines of General Biology" will help to dispel the fear that our age of scientific specialization will degenerate into a Tower of Babel, in which one specialist will not be able to understand another and the public will understand nobody. Messrs. Thomson and Geddes have shown that specialization does not preclude synthesis and fusion with a cultural background, or educational popularization before the wide public.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Notes on Fiction

The Hero. By Alfred Neumann. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

The hero of Alfred Neumann's latest novel is a counter-revolutionary gigolo-gunman thrown against a background of post-war Germany. His assassination of the revolutionary Prime Minister supplies the action for a story that is handled with much of the same skill Herr Neumann employs in his historical romances. The motivation of his hero, however, is somewhat synthetic; one feels that Herr Neumann, after he makes his hero commit a crime, simply wallows in psychoanalysis. In other words, the poor little gigolo-gunman cannot carry the heavy load of guilt-consciousness that Herr Neumann has placed upon his shoulders. Of course he goes crazy, and when he does, Herr Neumann has a perfect right to say anything he chooses about him. Perhaps the intention behind the novel was no more serious than to give us a new kind of murder-mystery thriller in a Middle European environment.

The Loving Spirit. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The spirit of Janet Coombe, born 1811, dominates this sentimentally romantic novel of four generations with a fifth putting in its appearance in 1928. Thomas Coombe, Janet's husband, is a humdrum kind of man and all the children take after him except Joseph. The love of mother and son dominates the middle part of the book and is heightened to such a degree by incident and description as to seem wholly incredible. Joseph is a wild, Byronic sea captain of a hero and it is his untamed spirit, inherited from Janet, which passes into the two young cousins, the contemporary lovers, who unite to carry on the loving spirit. The title is taken from Emily Brontë; and each of the four parts of the volume is headed by long quotations from her poetry. But nothing could be further removed from the mind and temper of the creator of "Wuthering Heights" than the sentimental heroics of this naive romance.

Precious Porcelain. By Neil Bell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Probably most novelists have flirted with the idea of writing a detective or mystery story containing all the usual elements of horror, suspense, and psychological significance, which should deal with real people in place of the mechanical shades to be found in the usual run of such fiction. Mr. Neil Bell has attempted something of the sort, and the result is a formless, oddly reading tale which fails to hang together but which is often stimulating for all that. The tone is sometimes reminiscent of George Birmingham at his best and again of Aldous

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Huxley. The plot, which is concerned with a series of mysterious events occurring in a small English cathedral town, does not begin to take shape for the reader until he is two-thirds through the book—causing him some bewilderment. Meanwhile there are some excellent (and quite irrelevant) discussions on contemporary philosophical and religious trends. Among the books which this freak story calls to mind are J. B. Priestley's "The Old Dark House," Claude Houghton's "I Am Jonathan Scrivener," and Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The novel is a queer mixture. But although the reader may be tempted to drop it again and again, it has a quality which induces him to return to it until he has finally arrived at the bitter end.

Drama

Satire and Dulness

WHEN one of our very able but canny playwrights was asked why he did not cultivate the satiric form, he is said to have replied that satire "is what closes on Saturday night." If this generalization is justified then more's the pity, but it happens that the past week has revealed two examples of the genre whose disappearance would be something less than an irreparable loss. "The Sex Fable," at Henry Miller's Theater, and "Wonder Boy," at the Alvin, both exhibit an almost grim determination to be satiric, but both achieve something which is, if possible, more fatal to satire than to any other form—namely, dulness.

The first is translated from an enormously successful French comedy called "Le Sexe Faible," and if the unparalleled stupidity of the transliterated title may be taken as an indication, then some part of the flatness of the play may be attributed to a peculiarly wooden translation. But in any event and whatever the cause, the play is languid where it ought to be sprightly and ponderous where it ought to be bright. If it was sparkling in the original it has suffered a sea change while crossing the Atlantic, for in English its jests explode with the force of a wet firecracker and its epigrams, like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along.

All about the modern woman and the way in which man has been forced to change roles with her, it concerns itself chiefly with the gigolos—both professional and amateur—who now discover themselves in the place once occupied by the belles. They find to their despair that though many are willing to keep them, eligible women shy off from matrimony for the same reason that jolly bachelors were wont to do in the good old days when it was woman's business to get married as soon as she could and man's to keep single as long as possible. But though the possibilities of this theme are obvious enough, it would seem to be most suitable for farce, burlesque, or even vaudeville; whereas, in the present instance, a kind of gravity keeps creeping in to make one wonder whether one ought to laugh with its sponsors or at them. Doubtless a producer finds it impossible not to take seriously even a farce when it has run for more than two years, but that is no reason for playing it as though it were by Ibsen. "The Sex Fable" is not "Hedda Gabler," or even "The Pillars of Society."

As for "Wonder Boy"—a tale of the movies and of how a giant of the industry got a hunch that he could make a star out of a particularly dumb youth who wanted only to go to dental school—it rushes to the opposite extreme. Jed Harris, its producer, has earned a reputation for vigor, and in a play like "Broadway" his virtuosity was able to triumph over a rather commonplace script; but in the present instance nothing commensurate with the sound and the fury seems to emerge.

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Obviously he has flung himself upon the rather labored text and gone at the audience with a "Laugh, damn you, laugh" in his heart, but the play is mangled by the elaborate machinery of its staging and drowned in the noise of the all too vociferous playing. There are ten scenes in the first act alone, and a prodigious hubbub throughout the entire evening. Lights flash on and off, telephones ring, loud speakers blare, stenographers rush madly about, and the principal players risk apoplexy at quarter-hour intervals. Indeed, there is so much frenetic activity that a kind of hysteria seems at moments to communicate itself to the audience, but I doubt if even those who laughed were really moved by mirth or got much pleasure out of the evening. When it was over I could think of little except the fact that the whole production seemed to me to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Harris's strong-arm methods with the drama.

In theme and general technique "Wonder Boy" bears a certain resemblance to the ill-fated "Man on Stilts" which came and went at the beginning of the season, as well as to earlier plays like "God Loves Us" and other attempts to apply a more or less "expressionistic" technique to satire on contemporary life. Most of these have been unsuccessful, but I hesitate to conclude therefrom either that contemporary satire is impossible or even that the technique is inappropriate. It may be only that in each instance the author has chosen an all too obvious subject. The business of satire is to reveal the hidden absurdity in accepted things and not, as these playwrights seem to suppose, to belabor the most patent and recognized grotesqueries of our civilization. Perhaps plays about fake heroes and about the moving-picture industry usually fail merely because no one can make these things funnier than they already are. It is as useless to burlesque the clown as it is to paint the lily.

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Films

With Benefit of Garbo

"SUSAN LENOX" (Capitol Theater) is a conventional Hollywood film which has the good fortune to star the incomparable Miss Garbo. The picture has a few unusual merits. For one thing, it employs melodrama without entirely sacrificing conviction, so that even though a movie storm, liquor, and a quite typical villain conspire at an attempted rape of innocence it still seems likely. What is much more important, the best part of the picture from the point of view of both acting and directing is its portrayal of first love. Here is more good pantomime and much less bad dialogue about love than we have come to expect from the movies since they learned to talk. And even though Clark Gable and his dog seemed to me a little fatuous (the dog, of course, is blameless), the action up to the parting of the lovers is swift and moving. From here on the common Hollywood sins are committed, largely through misplaced emphasis. The development of Susan's character which plays so important a part in the book becomes a short series of shots leading up to what are evidently the highest wages of sin—a New York penthouse for which an Irish politician pays the rent. The penthouse scenes are treated at great length in the typical movie manner. They are followed by an even more conventional movie set, the Central American dance hall to which Susan finally comes in search of her sweetheart. The sweetheart, as usual, is in that mysterious "interior" whence so many movie heroes have returned, alas, unshaven, thirsty degenerates. The story ends with a clean shave, unmistakable first step toward regeneration. The photography is excellent

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throughout. Photography and, in fact, all the mechanics of picture-making are usually done well in Hollywood.

By far the most important thing in the film is Miss Garbo herself, beautiful, mysterious, world-weary, the envy and despair of debutantes, shop girls, and other movie actresses. Her range is not wide. In the present picture the early role of young innocence is not constantly sustained. Yet she never grows tiresome, even in tiresome roles, probably because, unlike most of her rivals, she has personality and intelligence as well as physical beauty, and these make her acting consistently interesting. It is unfortunate that Miss Garbo continues to draw such banal stories. She deserves first-rate plays which would test her abilities instead of merely showing off her charms. Also, she has yet to find the perfect leading man. Clark Gable has no subtlety, either of action or voice. In contrast to Miss Garbo his acting seems more gauche and his voice more parrot-like than they really are.

"Das Flötenkonzert von Sans Souci" (Cosmopolitan) and "Eine Freundin so Goldig wie Du" (Tobis-Vanderbilt) are just two more second-rate German movies which, in my opinion, are incomparably worse than second-rate American pictures. "The Flute Concert of Sans Souci" is a heavy piece about Frederick the Great. The photography is bad, and interminable talk for the most part takes the place of action. The one episode which might have been exciting, a horseback ride (Hollywood does this superbly), is badly muffed. The other picture, a comedy, abounds in humor of the practical-joke variety, quite unmotivated and very lumbering. Its action, like its humor, is abundant but slow. For reality and speed and general gaiety the Silly Symphony on the same program, "A Cat's Nightmare," is much the superior production.

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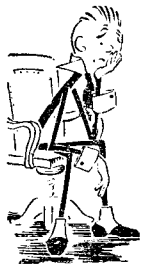

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THE NATION
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□ FOR RENT □

APARTMENT

10TH STREET, 29 WEST. Near Fifth Avenue. 5 rooms, entire floor; refrigeration; open fireplace; will decorate to suit; $125.00.

ROOMS

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